Mr Benj. Mr. Benjamin Brandt editor of the dollar newspaper

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL—Devoted to Literature, Science, Mechanics, Foreign and Domestic News, Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

PUBLISHED BY WM. M. SWAIN & CO., LEDGER BUILDINGS, S. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESNUT STREETS—$1 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XX. PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1862. NO. 47.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

MADEIRA.

BY L'INCONNU.

Oh, that these longing eyes might look upon thee,
Thou royal empress of the tropic world,
Whose pictured splendors have so strangely won me,
Whose charm about my heart lies closely curled;
For my full soul with holy thoughts is teeming,
And all my being thrills with rapturous dreaming,
As fancy holds thee up in beauty beaming,
Thou ocean pearl.

What were the boast of Ethiop's golden glories,
The bloody annals of Egyptian pride,
The skillful wiles of thousand Arab stories,
Madeira, thy wondrous charms beside?
Each beetling crag is crowned with rarest flowers,
Soft bird-notes tremble through thy fragrant bowers,
While spicy breezes wing thy lagging hours
Adown time's restless tide.

Oh, that my feet might scale those grand old towers,
Where broods the osprey, where the seagull screams,
Which hold their silent watch o'er ocean's power,
When trembles round the world the moon's pale beams;
There my rapt soul might drink the glowing grandeur
Which folds the heaving deep in fabled splendor,
And higher tribute thine enchantment's render
Than this vain dream.

Queen of the South, the charms of ancient Eden
Appear transplanted on thy glowing breast,
And all that mortal hopes or dreams of heaven
Is thine, save but for perfect peace and rest;
Say, are there moans that mingle with the sighing
Of thy soft winds, from hearts in anguish lying,
Or wails of wo that break above the dying—
Isle of the blest?

Hold'st thou white lips, or hearts that, weeping, linger
About the buried hopes of other days?
Or forms low bowed beneath oppression's finger
Which sorrowing tread life's dark, uneven ways?
I'll never think it, for my warm heart even
Holds thee in sacred trust, a symbol given
To fill my soul with higher thoughts of heaven,
Sweet hymn of praise.

But cease, my muse, thy heart can never waken
A strain to equal such a theme as this,
Though every life-toned chord be stretched to breaking,
The notes thou wakest are cold and meaningless;
Though o'er the trembling strings thy spell-bound finger
In fancy's pleasing trance delight to linger,
Thou can'st not grasp the alluring spell that renders
This sense of bliss.

Yet, oh, when life's last page is spread before me,
And life's last scenes in conflict round me whirl,
May but the home that waiteth me in glory
Be like this Eden of our lower world;
For my full soul with holy thoughts is teeming,
And all my being thrills with rapturous dreaming,
As fancy holds thee up in beauty beaming—
Thou ocean pearl.

Henderson, Knox Co., Ill.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

LINA.

BY W. G. STEWART.

Fair Lina bright,
Thy radiant image is before my eyes,
Though months of absence makes the darkest night
Of noonday skies.

My heart's first love;
Beautiful dreams thine eyes reveal the while
Asleep thy lips, and soft as twilight of
An angel's smile.

I see thee now
As once I gazed upon thy winning face,
E'er happiness upon thy sunny brow
To grief gave place.

Bowed is thy soul,
But misery is thy departing guest;
False steps of loved one on thee shall not roll
Life-long unrest.

There is no ill
To those whose every act in life is pure;
Tempests of wo may fall upon thee, still
Thy peace is sure.

October 28, 1862.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

THE SKELETON IN THE HOUSE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILA.]

BY SYDNEY HOLMAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE EBONY CASKET," "UNSERHEIM," ETC.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

A pleasant, cheerful home-scene as ever the beaming eye of a young husband rested on. Through the wide dining-room at La Grange, the blazing fire cast its red glow over the carpet, with its woven heaps of flowers, the polished mahogany table spread for the evening meal, the warm curtains shutting out the cold December wind, for a month had passed since the wedding day. The crimson forests had shaken off their last leaf, and stood bleakly against the sky, covered with glittering frost. Down the wide slope in front of the farmhouse, over the broad meadows, far beyond the encircling hill-tops lay the snow heavy and deep. The wind sighed in sharp, sudden gusts through the forest's branches, with a slow wailing, and died sobbing away in the mountain gorges. Upon this night of which we write the moonlight fell white upon the dreary expanse of hill and moorland. The snow had been falling for many days, but now the intense cold only permitted a few wavering flakes to float slowly down and rest on the glittering, icy crust beneath.

The lamps were lit upon the supper table of La Grange. Dinah had placed the steaming coffee urn before her mistress, and left the newly-gathered family alone. John Cadogan sat at the foot of the table, looking around him with a keen sense of enjoyment on his honest face; and opposite was the wife on whom the care and thought of his every hour was lavished; very fair and loveable she looked in her pure womanly grace, her young face turned for the moment to her sister with an earnest, eager haste, while she spoke in a low and hurried voice. John Cadogan could not hear, and did not heed the subject of their colloquy, but leaned back in his chair, contented with gazing at this picture of home happiness, a picture ever new to his never-wearying gaze. Yet we confess of the frame-work of the picture, the comfort-breathing room, or of the minor figures, of the bright-eyed Jeanie or the quiet Agatha, he took but little heed. She only, his Portia, his Ruth, his Rachel, (as, with an odd mingling of his limited store of reading, he called her,) filled his eye. He watched her slow movements stealthily, the soft fall of the close-fitting purple dress, the flattering motion of the little hands, the white throat, the smooth, dark hair, the drooping eye. His—his forever, this quiet domestic fairy, whose lightest breath was dear to him. Nothing to find a fault with in a face and form that seemed to him complete, or in the gentle, humble duty as a wife which she proffered him. No fault, unless that the duty was too humble, too complete. He wished, sometimes, that she would trust to his love for her enough to carelessly fail in some observance of formal duty, that there should be in her manner that indescribable freedom and light-hearted fearlessness that marked his perfect affection. But this passing discontent gave him no disquiet. It would come at last, he thought; habit would wear away the reserve that clouded her warm, bright nature. With the lavish generosity that characterized his every trait, he embraced in his great, honest affection every one dear to his wife, even in the minutest points regarding the business affairs of her mother he took a deep and ever active interest. To all but one of her relatives he extended the same cordial grasp and brotherly greeting. That one was Agatha. Yet, if John Cadogan had once been called on to explain the unconscious dislike springing up in his mind against the helpless girl, he would have been shocked at it more than any looker-on. But it was easily accounted for. The man's nature was tropical, warm, glowing, but luxuriating in beauty and fulness of life. Pain, poverty, he would willingly have ignored in God's creation, they jarred upon him, fretted his nervous taste; he relieved the loathsome beggar with a full hand but with averted face. Agatha's pleading eye and wan, worn face vexed him, seemed to rise before him a continual reproach for his full, joyous life. Nor was this all—rare as were her visits to La Grange, and few the words spoken by her to his wife, he saw that these words, whatever might be their import, left a heavy shadow upon her face—that, for days after Agatha's visit of an hour, her sister was pale as though weighed down beneath some terrible secret too heavy to be borne. So it came that John Cadogan began to dread the light step and bowed head of the poor girl as though she had been a spirit of evil. Upon the evening of which we speak, she had risen to depart before the fall of the night, which came on now, sudden and heavy.

"Stay, Agatha, I have a message for you to carry with you," plead her sister, rising from the table and walking with her to the fire. They stood in earnest converse, their tones too low to reach the other inmates of the room. It was no hope of pleasure that brought Agatha on these hurried visits to La Grange; shrinking sensitively back from every casual glance, pale, wearied with the long walk, she would seek her sister, deliver her tidings, and then hastily depart. Cadogan was puzzled, annoyed. To-night he looked on in silence, one moment lost in pleased admiration of his wife, the next wondering at this mystery that perplexed him. At last the colloquy was ended, Sarah turned again to the table and resumed her seat; no sign of emotion upon her face other than firmly-closed lips and downcast eyes, as though she dared not trust herself to speak. Could John Cadogan have seen with a wizard's glass the scene that at that instant rose before the mind's eye of both sisters, driving the throbbing young blood back to their hearts and curdling it there, he would have found no solution to the riddle. Poor Agatha, bending over the red embers, traced in them the same scene that haunted, day and night, the young bride. Only a small, low ante-room, in an unused gable, hung with cobwebs and dust, a lamp dimly burning in the darkness beside a half-open door. And within the door? What slow, corroding curse lay hid therein to make the lives of these young girls desolate?

A man's heavy step crossed the hall and entered the dining-room. Cadogan rose to greet the new-comer.

"Robert Gaunt! you are welcome, man, although it is your first visit since our wedding night."

"I have been out of Orth, among the mountains; I returned only to-night, and now can tarry but a moment. Come aside a moment, John."

The two men walked to the light and were speedily immersed in the details of some affair of business. That concluded, John urged his visiter to partake of the meal that had so long demanded attention.

"I cannot stay," he said, folding his papers and restoring them to his wallet. "What has happened since I have been gone? Any new arrivals in Orth?"

"None," rejoined John Cadogan. "We have gone back to the old torpid dullness again after the stir in the waters which our wedding produced. A blessed wave that threw a waif like that into my home," and he laughingly glanced at his wife.

"Stephen Fleming has not returned, then?" said the other, carelessly.

"Not yet. But I forgot to mention, Sarah, a letter which I received from him to-day. I have it here somewhere—here it is—no, that is Dunworthy's account. Where can I have put it? But the oddest part is that he does not know of our wedding—never received my last letter, missed it on the mountains somewhere, I presume. He inquires for Miss Alt, and says something about a secret of much moment to himself, which he will disclose when he sees me, regrets not having told me before he went away, as his silence might imply a want of confidence in me as his best friend. What does the boy mean? Oh, here is the letter. Read it, Sarah; you will see he will be here to-morrow. Poor Stephen, how proud and happy I shall be to see his handsome face again!"

Sarah took the letter in silence from her husband's hand. Robert Gaunt, as he stood quietly tying up his wallet, glanced from under his half-closed eyes at her face as she read. Only as keen an observer as he would have marked the slight pallor on her mouth or the faint rustle of the paper in her hand. John Cadogan turned to Robert, the warm flush of generous feeling in his face.

"You would laugh, Gaunt, if I were to tell you how my heart throbbed like a woman's when I found that the dear old boy was actually so near home. There is something about Stephen so gentle, so like a poet or a girl, or any of those useless, loveable things, that I have a tender sort of love for him, a kind of pitying affection. Do you understand?"

"I understand," said Gaunt, half under his breath.

"But yet," resumed the other, with the fresh relish which the subject had for him, "under all Stephen's simplicity and sensitiveness, there was an under-current which I never could rightly fathom. Sometimes I used to think, perhaps, beneath all he was stronger than I, if circumstances would but bring out his strength, just as with his physical frame. No one would have suspected any force lay hidden under his fair, slight form; the whole appearance of the man, with his slow, light motions, silky hair and blue eyes, gave promise of fragility and inertness; yet the muscles and sinews had the power and tenacity of iron. I often have thought that perhaps this was an index to his real character—that, if thwarted or roused from his dreamy life—"

"Your letter, John," said Jeanie, passing him the letter, which Sarah had calmly folded and laid down beside her.

"To-morrow, he comes?" asked Robert. "Here?"

"Certainly, where else should my foster brother go?" replied Cadogan, haughtily.

"Well, John, it grows late, and my walk is a long one, I cannot stay to hear you elaborate the praises of your 'foster brother,' for I know by experience how long your eloquence can last."

Cadogan laughed. "We will be over at Mrs. Alt's to-morrow evening, when Stephen comes, and have a merry family meeting," he answered, heartily.

"A merry family meeting," echoed Robert, slowly. "Come, little cousin, wrap your mantle around you, and let me find you the way home—the snow lies deep, and the night is bitter cold."

He turned and walked suddenly to Sarah, who stood motionless by the fire. Taking her hand with a kindly look, yet keen, he held it an instant.

"Good-night," he said, in a low, meaning tone; "your husband talks of a merry family meeting. To-morrow will be colder than to-night. Are you strong enough to come?"

She tried to look him calmly in the face, to speak clearly and firm. "I am strong enough, Robert Gaunt."

"God help you, Sarah," he said abruptly, in a whisper. "To-morrow evening, then. Come, little girl, are you ready?"

He threw a heavier mantle around her shoulders. John Cadogan followed them out into the broad hall on to the flight of steps without, and as their footsteps crackled the crisp snow upon the lawn, he stood in the clear moonlight, calling out cheerily to them: "Good-night."

"Good-night," returned Robert Gaunt.

Then they went on in silence, down the winding paths, over the stile into the outskirts of the forest, where their way lay. It was bitter cold, as Gaunt had said. A thick icy crust covered the unbroken snow beneath their feet, the icicles hung glittering from every smallest bough, and over all the dreary, cold landscape lay the dreadier, colder moonlight.

"You tremble with cold, my child," said Robert, stopping suddenly and wrapping the folds of her mantle closer around the girl. "Let me see your feet," and he stooped and touched the thick shoes with his finger.

Agatha laughed. "How curious it seems to be taken care of," she said.

It might be from its rarity, but there was something peculiarly winning and childish in Agatha's laugh; it broke forth with the bright unexpectedness of a gleam of sunshine in a dreary November day. Some such idea as this occurred to Robert Gaunt as he knelt at her feet in the snow, tying the shoes more securely on the little feet. He looked up quickly into the smiling face bent down on him, half hid in the brown hood.

"What a cheery little bird you might be made, little cousin, to be sure," he said, "if you were taken away from this chilly life of yours and put into the warm sunshine. You have hidden, somewhere under that pitiful, wan face of yours, a great capacity of happiness, I fancy."

"Come, cousin Robert," she said, hastily.

He drew her hand within his arm again.

"Am I not right?" he said, looking down into her face.

But the smile was gone, she raised her eyes to his, the old shadow in their still depths. They walked on silently; her light footstep scarcely broke the snow-crust as they passed, his fell heavily and firm. Leaving the depths of the forest, their path ran along its edge, stretching before them over a level plain of more than two miles before it reached the borders of the Alt farm; on one side rose the mountain side, crowned to its summit with massive trees, glittering in the wierd light of the moon in their million tiny shafts of ice; upon the other swept the blank, white moorland. Far in the back-ground glimmered the red lights of La Grange, growing fainter each moment in the blue distance. No moving figures but their own broke the intense stillness.

"Look up, little girl," said Robert Gaunt, at last. "Have you nothing to say to your cousin, who is going away forever in a few short weeks? No questions to ask of that bonnie wife he hopes to take with him?"

For a moment or two she did not speak, during which he tried in vain to see the face hidden beneath the overhanging hood. She raised it then, after that short pause, with a cheerful smile.

"Yes, Robert, it pleases you to talk of her, and I am glad to hear."

He watched the little face sharply. Did he hope or fear to read aright the subdued meaning that struggled beneath its calm smile?

"Why need we talk of her?" he said. "I have told you that in my eyes she is beautiful, and dear, and tender, Agatha—that I shall hide her in my heart, and nourish and caress her as I would a wounded bird that I had found dying on the roadside—that out of my strength I will make her strong, out of my great love she shall grow loving, out of the depth of my unspeakable happiness I will make her happy—in spite of all fate—however sick, or pained, or bitter her life may be. I have looked forward for years to the time when I could do this. Do you believe I can, Agatha? Do you think me strong enough, pure enough to do this?"

Her wistful brown eyes were fixed on his steadily, tearful with a hidden pain. When she spoke, the words dropped slowly from her pale lips.

"You can do it, Robert. The woman whom you call wife will be blessed above all women."

The old smile, inexplicable in its meaning, flickered over his face and gleamed in his eyes. Again they walked on in silence, again the little head dropped upon her breast, concealed from his view. The path crossed a brook over which hung a rustic bridge. He stopped, for her tread had grown weaker and faint.

"You are tired, my child," he said. "Here is a seat where you must rest." He placed her upon the trunk of an old tree, which had fallen by the side of the bridge, and threw himself down at her feet. "Look, from here you can see the windows of your own home, though it lies a mile beyond. The air is singularly clear and frosty to-night." She threw back her hood and looked down on him. "Now, Agatha, we have talked of all that I am to do and to be in my warm sunshiny home among the flowers. But you, what is to become of you, poor, lonely child?" He touched her hand softly, tenderly. "How cold your life is here—desolate, unutterably solitary, like that lost bird yonder among the snows."

She shrank back suddenly, with a shudder.

"Do not talk of me, Robert. I am different from you; you cannot understand."

"I understand. Give me your hands, both. Let me look into your face. Poor, little, worn face! So many tears as it has known! And yet so young. Oh, God, what a pitiful sight is this!" He spoke low, in a half whisper, to himself. But she heard—trembling, her great, bright eyes fixed on his face like a startled deer, her lip quivering, she sat silent while he probed her heart. "Agatha, what have you to look forward to in the future? Look how the great world sweeps by you, banded together by love or interest, and you—are left alone. Who cares for you, child? Where will you find a tender hand to smooth your aching head? In all my life, I never knew so desolate a creature as this!"

She sprang from him with a sudden cry, loud and exceeding bitter.

"Oh, Robert! Robert!" she sobbed.

He took her hands again, though she drew them away.

"You do not bear me to look down into your breast, Agatha? To see the full-woman's heart there, throbbing, dying for love, for strong human love? But I have known it, I have seen it for years. Oh, little cousin, little Agatha, I know all!"

She put away his hands now with a wild terror, all unlike herself. She covered her face and sank crouching down at his feet with a low moan.

"Leave me, Robert," she cried. "This is more than I can bear! I did not—I did not deserve this bitter wound."

He stooped now, trembling, strong man as he was. Up from the snow where she lay he lifted the little, shuddering figure, and gathered it into his breast—lifted her, held her close, without a word, to his warm, throbbing heart, bound fast in his strong arms. She drew from him, shivering; struggled faintly to be free. Her voice grew husky and low.

"Cousin Robert," she said, "I must go home. Let me go—alone, as you have said."

"Never," he muttered, passionately. "Lie still. Here, in my heart, my poor, lonely, dying bird! My child! *My wife!*"

She looked up with a terrified wonder.

"Robert, you mock me."

"Do I mock you?" He placed her suddenly erect upon the ground, and stood before her, his arms outstretched. "Now, come to me, of your own free will. You, Agatha, you are the wife for whom I have made a home full of sunshine and happiness and unspeakable love. You are the lame, wounded bird, whose faltering steps I have watched for years with infinite yearnings, longings to fold it to my heart, and let it nestle there forever. Come to me. No other woman ever was aught to me. You are dearer than my heart's blood. I need you, I want you—I am alone. Strong as I am, I thirst for love, for the soft touch of a woman's hand upon this coarse life of mine. Come to me, little cousin. Agatha! Agatha!"

His passionate voice thrilled her. Her brown eyes fell radiant with a wild joy—the lips grew crimson, trembled, a startled flush mantled her cheek.

"Come to me," he whispered hoarsely. "You love me; I have read it in your child's heart."

She locked her fingers together in their old convulsive motion, paused irresolute, like a bird fluttering with strange delight over its waiting nest. Her eyes sought the far blue sky with a troubled wonder, doubting if the sudden shock of joy might not prove a dream. The silence grew more intensely still. He stood motionless before her, his eyes wandering over the slight figure, and face gleaming white in the moonlight, with eager passion.

"Agatha, come!"

And softly, slowly, as a flake of snow wavering to the earth, or the tired bird to its nest, she sank with all her little life of pain into his outstretched, loving arms. He folded her closely, closer. With a light tread, he bore her along the snow-path, through the dark, bitter night. Only one word broke the silence, deep, intense. "My wife! my wife!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Snowing, heavier, thicker than in the morning. The snow-clouds had gathered in a grayish blackness over the arch above, the air was filled with the close driving flakes. Field and valley and mountain were covered with the drifting whiteness. The long, dim afternoon had slowly closed into evening. In every cottage and farm-house the lights began to sparkle in the windows, and the hospitable gleam of the fires to throw their lengthened radiance, red and glowing, out upon the bleak moorland. For it was Christmas eve. The night on which John Cadogan had anticipated the merry family meeting only the day before. And the widow Alt's house gave every promise of readiness to greet this happy meeting. Lights flashed in every room cheerfully out upon the driving snow without; in every fire-place huge fires sparkled and glowed, the widow herself, in a rustling gown, a gift of her new son-in-law, bustled from room to room, ever and anon visiting old Jeptha, bending gloomily over the kitchen fire, preparing the festive supper for Christmas eve.

"They have all come, Jeptha," said the widow, in her chirping voice. "Mr. Cadogan, and Sarah, and Robert Gaunt, who is wandering about the house, as he has done all day. What can the man mean? All but Stephen Fleming, and he is not yet here, but supper must wait," and she was hurrying away.

"Stop," said the old negress, sternly. Mrs. Alt paused and looked back frightened. "Come with me," and the gaunt old woman seized her by the arm and led her to the door.

"Let me go, Jeptha," cried her mistress, weakly. "Is this one of your old spells of madness coming on again. Let me go, I will not stay to be terrified to death."

"Listen, mistress," said the woman, holding her firmly and speaking in a low, earnest whisper. "For God's sake listen, I am not mad. Have done with your laughter and your Christmas feasts. There is that hanging over the house that will fall before the morning's sun rises. My old eyes see it in the air, I found it in the gray ashes last night."

Mrs. Alt shook her off. "Tell your witch stories to Agatha, I put no faith in them. Back to your work, and read no more of falling curses in the ashes."

The old woman did not heed her—her black face grew gray, as if the blood had rushed back to her heart, her wild, melancholy voice, with the peculiar mournful cadence of the African, sounded like a funeral chant.

"It is coming," she cried. "The wind—the voice in the wind. Death is coming sudden, terrible. I heard it once before. *That night.*" and she turned with a terrible meaning in her eye to her mistress.

Mrs. Alt threw up her hands with a frantic gesture of entreaty, and then clasped them to her forehead.

"Silence!" she commanded, in a stern tone, so unlike her usual hesitating voice that the old negress obeyed her, and contented herself with rocking to and fro.

The widow turned and left her, trembling in every step, and sought her own chamber. When she reappeared it was with an humbler bend of her meek head, a dimmer light in her eye. And ever and anon, through that long Christmas eve, she started as the wailing sound of the wind struck the house sharply, and looked behind her as though she dreaded some fearful spectre. The warning of the old negress had not failed in its effect.

Robert Gaunt meanwhile paced the long corridors impatiently. Since the night before, he had not seen his "child Agatha," as even to himself he loved to call her. All day long he had searched the house for her in vain—and he wanted her more than his proud man's nature would acknowledge. He needed now that she knew of his love, to grow used to the thought of having her near him, to the great joy of feeling that, body and soul, she was a part of himself—forever and ever. The long pent-up love once set free, rushed like a mountain torrent. Where was she? Why did she thus torture and tantalize him? More and more angrily he paced the halls. They had come, too—Cadogan and his wife. He heard John's loud, hearty laugh in the drawing-room. It would be too late soon to exchange even a word alone with her. And then he recalled her little, light form as she bade him good-night the evening before—the unwonted, tender smile—the rose flush on her cheek—the tremulous gleam in her tearful eye. For the twentieth time he ascended the stairs and entered the gallery leading to her work-room. He entered it—the low fire burned clear, the little cushioned chair stood beside the table, the pile of heavy sewing still lay half finished upon it. He touched the coarse garments with a reverent gentleness. Had not her hands touched it? Hers—Agatha's—the pure, sorrowful child, whose life God had given to him to make happy! So he stood, looking thoughtfully into the fire.

"Robert!" said a low voice.

He turned—she had entered unheard, and was before him.

"Agatha! where have you hidden yourself all day, mischievous fairy?"

He stopped abruptly, astonished at her face, for the night had wrought the change of half a life-time. No longer the shy, shrinking child, but a woman, with all a woman's depth of keen, earnest feeling in her face—no longer the subdued, humble look of suffering which she had worn for years, but traces of a recent struggle in her soul full of pain and tears. She stood by the window, where the dull, gray light threw her figure into bold relief. Something indescribable in her manner startled Robert Gaunt into silence. She spoke first. Even that was an evidence of deep feeling on her part, when he remembered her ordinary singularly silent habit. Her words came hurriedly, as though she dreaded her own power to continue.

"Cousin Robert, I have something to say—only a few words, but they must last forever."

"Child!" he came towards her; she raised her hands to push him back. How weak and trembling they were, the little hands! How haggard and tear-stained the face upturned to his!

"Oh, Robert, Robert. It is all over—over." And, with a childish burst of tears, she wrung her hands convulsively. She would not let him soothe her, as he attempted. In the midst of the choking sobs, which she could not restrain, she still repulsed him. For a few moments she did not speak; then she calmed herself by a strong effort and looked up.

"Agatha, what does this mean? What strange madness possesses you?"

"Robert—last night—oh, forget it all—all! It was a dream, a delusion. Never, for my sake, for God's sake, recall it again."

He laughed. "Recall it? That you are mine, my child, my wife Agatha. It is you that dream. What ghost have you seen since yesterday to frighten away our hope of happiness?"

She lifted her finger suddenly, as if listening. Gaunt heard only the low moaning of the wind. But her face grew paler with fear. She glanced behind her at the dim, gray court-yard and the falling snow. Then, as if some sound, unheard by him, gave her a terrified courage, she moved towards him and spoke rapidly and low, knitting her fingers together in the old way.

"Robert, I can stay but a few moments. Oh, Robert, forget it all! I never can be your wife."

"Agatha!" He caught her by the arm and forced her to look up. Again she glanced out into the gathering night. A sickening dread whitened her cheeks and lips.

"Hear me, cousin Robert. I knew this last night, but I forgot—I forgot in the great joy. For, oh Robert, I loved you—I loved you!" She uttered the words with a sobbing cry.

He began to speak, but she stopped him.

"Hush—hear me. I love you as no woman ever loved before, for you are all I have—all. But it can never be. Between you and me there is a gulf fixed. You never can come to me, Robert." Her low, solemn whisper struck on his heart cold and sharp.

Never until then did Robert Gaunt know how dear was this child to him. How all the strength of his cold, powerful nature had grown around, rooted itself in her. Now the fierce pain of parting wrenched his heart with a deathly pang, for he knew, by some strange prescience, that her words were true—that some power unseen, unknown, stood between them, and parted them forever, yet he struggled manlike against that prescience. Again he tried to laugh at her, but his laugh jarred harshly on his own ear.

"Agatha, foolish child, come to me. What folly is this? No power can part us."

She turned to the door. "Robert, when I pass that threshold, all that has passed is but a dream. I shall be your 'little cousin' then, forever. Nothing more."

"You choose, then," he said, mockingly, "your dreary life of pain to a rest here."

He opened his arms to fold her to his heart. A spasm of pain passed over her face. Oh, the weak, loving woman's heart! She paused even then, trembled. Before her rose the full glory and blessedness of the cup of happiness offered to her lips. Dared she thrust it aside? It was no girlish whim, he saw that. Some invisible hand was putting them apart. In an agony of longing, he bent before her.

"Agatha! come!"

She looked with the same startled glance to the open window—over her face closed the still calm of despair.

"What is it that parts us, Agatha?" he cried.

She smiled. Most forlorn and sad the smile seemed then.

"Robert," she whispered, "it is the will of God. If this house holds beneath its roof a fearful secret to blight our lives, it is right, He placed it there."

Her voice awed him. But love was stronger than fear. He only said, "Come to me," quietly, resolutely.

She looked into his eyes. The force of his iron will was on her, again she paused, when suddenly through the night came a low, stifled moan of pain. Like a vision, he saw the pallid terror on her face, felt her lips touch his forehead in one farewell kiss, heard her whisper softly, "Robert," in a tone of unutterable tenderness and sorrow—then she was gone.

CHAPTER IX.

In the great sitting-room below the fire of crackling, hissing wood flashed each moment a ruddier glow. The windows were decked with evergreen, whose feathery boughs, wreathed over the crimson curtains, scarcely hid the glittering sheet of frost upon the glass. It was bitter cold. Now and then the sharp creaking of wagon wheels upon the distant road sounded through the frosty air. Mrs. Alt had busied her nervous little hands all day to try to give the room a festive air in honor of Christmas eve and of the home-coming of Stephen Fleming. Her soul had been perplexed between the arrangements of the house and the preparing of the Christmas turkey, but a sudden change had passed over her. She sat, knitting, by the side of the fire, looking up occasionally with a feeble smile, as if trying to keep up the semblance of the merry meeting talked of so long. At each sharper blast of the wind rattling the window panes, she shivered and glanced fearfully to the window and the wintry sky without.

Sarah sat alone in a dark corner by the fire. She had spent the day at her mother's. The day on which she was to meet Stephen Fleming. During the morning, a wild gaiety seemed to possess her, a subdued sort of madness that made her eyes flash, her cheeks burn, that threatened each moment to break out in wild laughter or tears. Now that was past. She had calmed herself, or grown calm through the mere terror of the pain that lay before her. Her husband paced the floor impatiently, in a fever of radiant pleasure, talking incessantly of the dear old boy who was coming, of their early pranks, and of what he intended doing for him when he had him once safely back again. His wife listened in silence.

"You are looking well, dear, to-night," he said, rubbing his hands and holding them over the fire. "I like that dark gray dress of yours with its black trimming. Only you are pale. And, now I think of it, I wish you had worn something brighter, for Stephen likes rich colors. But you did not know that."

"Yes, I knew," she said, inaudibly.

He looked surprised. "I thought you were so slightly acquainted. When we were boys he did not know you, but perhaps in the two years I was absent you knew each other better. He told me, I remember, when I came back, that he spent much of his time with Robert Gaunt here."

"Yes," she said, quietly.

"There is a step in the hall; it must be he!" and he rushed precipitately out of the room, but returned in a moment disappointed. "Only Gaunt, standing at the hall door, looking as gloomy as the night. The clock is striking eight, and Stephen should have been here by noon. What can have happened? Who are coming this evening?" he asked, turning to Mrs. Alt.

"Mr. Thorpe and Dr. Mac Fergus," she answered, "I thought it would be pleasant for Stephen to meet them."

"Yes, yes; I am glad you thought of it. Anything to give the dear fellow pleasure. He is as tender-hearted as a woman. This room is growing cold; let's heap up the fire that he can see the light from the windows. But think, Sarah, how surprised he will be to meet you as my wife. I am not sorry now that the letters never reached him, telling him of it. I told Mac Fergus not to tell him, if he met him in the village, so as to give him a pleasant surprise when he comes—if ever he comes. What can be the matter?"

Not heeding, in his own impatient excitement, the strange silence of his wife, he paced up and down, now trying to see through the heavily-frosted windows, peering out into the snow, and then making a sudden excursion into the dim hall and joining Gaunt at the door for a moment. The snow had ceased falling, and lay deep and white and motionless, except when the sharp gusts of wind drifted it in masses. The stars came out, twinkling icily in the clear, thin ether.

John Cadogan put his hand over his eyes and looked down the road winding through the forest.

"What can have detained him?" he said, uneasily. "By Jove, there he comes!" as the slow trampling of a horse's hoofs were heard. "No, it is Dr. Mac Fergus. Never vexed to see you before, Doctor," he cried as the old man came nearer. "I took your burly, broad shoulders for Stephen's. Where is he?"

"Not so fast," he said, dismounting. "Easy, John, easy. 'Pon my soul you are tempestuous as a December day. Let me in to the fire, I am frozen to the heart." He unrolled himself from his pile of winter wrappings, and, followed by Cadogan, entered the room. "God bless all here and keep them in-doors this night!" was his salutation. "It is a terrible night—a time for witches and all things uncanny and unclean to be abroad. Let me go close to the fire, Cadogan. As I speak truth, strong man as I am, I was afraid as I came through the moors and the forest—something weird and ghastly seemed abroad, murder—death—starvation. I never heard the wind have so wild and mournful a wail as to-night. It sobs as if with fear—and as I came near the house I heard—I could have sworn I heard a low, unnatural cry mingled with it."

Mrs. Alt's fingers trembled with their knitting, her faded face seemed to grow older and paler with the sudden thought of some calamity long past.

"But Stephen?" questioned John Cadogan.

The doctor paused, then said, hesitatingly: "Yes, yes, Stephen Fleming. He is in the village."

"Why does he not come here at once?" demanded Cadogan, angrily.

The doctor looked grave. "He leaves Orth in the morning—and he wishes, John, to see you, if possible. But he cannot come here."

John stood in blank astonishment. Robert Gaunt had entered the room.

"Do not go to-night, Cadogan," he said, as he saw him lift his great coat to put it on.

"No," urged the doctor, earnestly, "not to-night."

"What do you mean?" said John, shaking off the detaining hand. "Stephen Fleming going to leave Orth in the morning, and I not see him? You must think me mad. Where did you leave him, Doctor?"

"At the edge of the forest—he walked beside me so far. You are going, then? I will accompany you."

"No, you shall not; nor Gaunt either—I wish to see my foster-brother alone. I must know what sudden madness has possessed him to avoid me in this way. After my marriage, too! Not to come to offer me a word of congratulation." He stopped suddenly—a sudden memory seemed to flash through his brain, sharply, like a dagger stab. He turned to his wife, and looked steadily at her dropped head and clasped hands. Doubt, suspicion, dark fear, were depicted in his face. He walked towards her, and stooping, whispered in her ear, his voice unsteady, trembling: "Sarah! for God's sake, answer me—are you the cause of this?"

She did not answer. He looked in her face with wild, horror-stricken eyes, then stood erect and moved with faltering footstep to the door. Robert Gaunt came forward and laid his hand upon his shoulder. Cadogan's burly frame trembled like an infant's.

"No, I must go alone," he said, in a husky voice. "It cannot be true. No—no—my wife and my brother!"

He was gone in a moment. The men listened in silence, with darkened, troubled countenances. Sarah sat motionless as a statue—her face hidden by the drooping of her head, her fingers, cold as ice, clasped passively.

The doctor drew Gaunt aside. "I have a letter here," he whispered, "from Stephen Fleming to Sarah. He wrote it to-night, after he heard of her marriage, I think. Would it be best to give it to her?"

"No," said Gaunt, "not to-night. Let her alone."

The doctor restored the letter to his pocket and paced the floor in silence. A dread, an inexplicable gloom, seemed to have fallen on all in the room. No sound broke the stillness—the fire had burned down low and clear, and gave but a dim and lurid light. An hour crept on, but Cadogan had not yet returned. Robert Gaunt went to the window, and looked out into the night. The sky was covered with low, gray clouds, drifting darkly and rapidly from horizon to horizon—the trees of the forest swayed slowly in a noiseless wind. He turned to replenish the fire, but, starting up, let the wood fall with a sudden crash, for, mingling with the low moan of the forests, there cleft the air a wild, inhuman yell—a howl of pain, of fiendish triumph, from outside the house, near the window. A face peered in, and was gone like a shadow. Whether it was that of an animal, or human, no one knew; all they saw was two glaring eyes and a shaggy mass of hair. The door opened and Agatha stood without, came towards her mother and tried to speak, but the words died away on her husky lips.

"Agatha, speak," said the doctor, catching her by the arms.

She looked up in his face with a confused, wan gaze of terror. "Gone," at last she muttered. "Tell mother all is over."

But her mother did not hear—with the first sound of the fearful cry, the first glance of the face, she had fallen forward, helpless, at her daughter's feet. But Sarah did not move to lift her from the ground. She seemed to comprehend the mystery, whatever it might be. A half idiotic smile was on her lips.

"It is very well," she said, talking to herself. "Enough have been sacrificed. God knows, enough. It is time it should end."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAPT. L— AND MRS. D—.

In the city of Baltimore lives a lady named—no, we will keep back the real name from publication, and give only an assumed initial, calling her Mrs. D——.

Mrs. D—— is the wife of a gentleman engaged in mercantile pursuits. He is neither rich nor socially ambitious; though, by carefulness and attention to business, he has accumulated some property, and lives in good style for a man of his means.

Mrs. D—— is very much as he her husband in some respects. Social ambition is one of her weaknesses. In marrying Mr. D——, whose father had been a mechanic, she felt that she was letting herself down; but some puny scion of an old aristocratic family that was decaying for lack of both moral and intellectual force, she wisely accepted the chance of being engrafted on a more vigorous stock, even though, in her estimation, the quality were inferior. Of this, however, a fair difference of opinion may exist.

By birth and education, Mrs. D—— considered herself a "lady." That is, a person of superior quality—made of finer stuff—than the great body of the people; and, for this advantage, entitled to deference and service from those who were to be graded below her. Toward all persons who ranked in the same grade with her husband, Mrs. D—— assumed an air of dignified superiority that offended some and imposed on others. Assumption always carries weight with a class. Her poverty before marriage—for the family had almost exhausted itself by extravagance, dissipation and want of thrift—had separated her from many early friends; and her marriage with a son of a mechanic, though a strong, true, and rising man, had caused others to drop an acquaintance which had not for some time been looked upon as desirable.

For some years after her marriage, Mrs. D——, whose husband could not afford display in living, found it hard work to maintain her standing with any portion of the proud exclusives with whom it was her ambition to associate. Still she was ever at the gate, gliding in upon all occasions and holding a place by intrusion if not under acknowledged right. By flattery she kept in favor with some, and through them drew to the side of others, whose repellant coldness would have held a sensitive and truly independent mind far in the distance. Such was Mrs. D——. As her husband's means increased, she pressed him closely for a more liberal dispensation thereof at home. To this he yielded, even beyond his own judgment; but never to an extent that touched his safety. She dressed extravagantly; but he saw that her bills did not exceed a certain sum that could be afforded. Gradually, through elegance of attire and assumed importance, Mrs. D—— widened her sphere among the exclusives, and, in a corresponding degree, drew off from certain excellent people, held as inferior, who had rather tolerated than enjoyed her society.

Thus it stands with Mrs. D—— at the present writing. To sum her up in a sentence, she is weak, badly educated, proud, vain, unrefined; the representative of a class of women who imagine themselves vastly superior to other people, but who have scarcely a claim to true womanhood—who call themselves *ladies par excellence

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, November 19, 1862.

THE CABINET AND CONGRESS.

A difficulty of our Constitution, which has not been fully tried by experience, lies in the election of the President for four years, while the complexion of Congress may be utterly changed at the end of two. The public feeling of the country is liable to great revulsions and changes, and should the Executive power and the Legislative come to a dead-lock, four years or two years, or one year, may be too long to wait, and the ship of State may drift into inextricable difficulties before any suitable action can become law. Questions of peace or war, anarchy or revolution, may need the joint action of the whole government on the latest expression of the will of the entire people.

In such case it should clearly be the duty of the President to set aside all mere party and personal spirit, and within the prescribed limits of the Constitution enable and assist the country to govern itself. He may not violate a single cause of what he believes to be the Constitution, but beyond that, the more a President rises above all party feeling, and, as the Chief *Executive* Officer chooses his Cabinet with a simple view to the enabling of the country to carry on those measures, that the people will most heartily concur in, the nearer he comes to the constitutional idea of a Chief Executive.

Mr. Buchanan, it is reported, says that, during the last three months of his administration, he took no important measure without consulting with Mr. Seward. In the latter part of Mr. Buchanan's administration this journal urged such a course in all cases, and further, that the Cabinet of the President should always be selected and retained upon the condition of their being able to command a working majority in Congress. Without this there will come times when a President and his whole Cabinet may be without the confidence of the country, and though, for a month or two things might remain open and at loose ends, yet for years this will be impossible, and there are and will be critical moments when even, for a much shorter period, it may be impossible without danger to the Government.

At the present time we need the most vigorous administration of public affairs possible, one in which the whole strength of the country can be put forth with the greatest energy. To secure this the House of Representatives must vote supplies, and do all that is possible to support the government. Without this, the war may languish on, but it cannot succeed.

After it was decided in the debates upon the formation of the Constitution that there should be a president, it was still a question for how long a term he should be chosen. Some have objected to the present term of four years, that it is too short for a good President, and too long for a bad one. Let us suppose that the Presidents had been elected for life, as some have thought would have been best. Would any man have supposed, in such case, that the personal feelings and sympathies of the President were to guide him in the selection of his Cabinet, and the Administration of public affairs, whatever might be the will of Congress? The Queen of England would not dare to wield the executive power with such a construction of it after an adverse vote of the House of Commons. Even the Emperor of France would not risk his throne on such an issue. The President of a country like this ought to be above all party politics, the Father of the Whole Country, and as an executive officer carrying out the laws and will of the majority with fullest energy, except so far as those laws might be altered to trample on the Constitutional rights of the minority.

When the next Congress meets, if the present Cabinet propose such measures as will command the majority of the House, there should be no doubt as to the propriety of their continuance in office; if not, neither can there by any doubt that the war will be much more vigorously carried on by President Lincoln's selecting a cabinet of such men as can command the confidence of the National Legislature. A majority of the opposition can and will always do things which, if the full responsibility to the country is thrown upon them, they would not think best to do. For good or for evil, we *must* follow the will of the majority, and if at any time they judge as others think wrongly, the best way to get them to see some right and practical way is by not giving them the opportunity to find fault, but putting upon them the full responsibility of finding a remedy.

WASTEFUL AGRICULTURE.

We understand that the head of the Agricultural Bureau, at Washington, is collecting statistical information to show, not only the various productions of the country, but what *is lost* by erroneous and defective methods of agriculture. There is no doubt that the farmers of this State are improving every year, as capital accumulates and science is called into requisition in the agriculturists. But it may be questioned if even now fully half the labors of our farmers are not absolutely wasted by the want of a little knowledge, that might be obtained with the greatest ease.

To save this waste, arising from ignorance of the best methods of farming, much has been done by agricultural periodicals and fairs and societies, but so much more remains to be done that we venture to suggest whether the Bureau might not, with great propriety, take pains to furnish the principal journals with the means of correcting the more common defects in the methods of farming in each State. It is for instance known to most farmers how much depends upon economizing manures, and yet we were shown a farm not long since of two hundred and fifty acres, for which more than twenty thousand dollars was paid a few years ago, in which the barn yard sloped down towards the river, so that every rain washed away half the most valuable manures from the owner's farm forever. A hotel keeper, it is said, congratulated himself on having his stables so located that the whole of the dung could be at once thrown into the stream, and so carried away. How true this may be, we know not, but the former we saw.

Within the last few years more than half the labor of a farm has been saved by newly invented implements, but to know how much capital can be expended in labor-saving machinery profitably, is not an easy thing to determine. But certain it is, that on a very large proportion of farms in Pennsylvania, a considerable portion of expense might be saved by more implements and better tools. How much labor it will pay to bestow on any branch of work on a farm is a subject about which the popular opinion is exceedingly defective. Dr. Grant, in his admirable paper, called "*Landmarks*," speaks of a course of preparation of land for a garden and fruit trees as costing between $200 and $300 per acre, and then goes on to describe other processes, in which the plow is laid aside, and digging used to a depth of three feet, which would probably cost at least double that sum. Yet for vines and fruit trees no doubt it would pay far better than the sprawling, straggling system, or want of system, with which fruit trees and vines are so cultivated, as to produce a magnificent growth of wood and leaves, but no fruit of good quality. As a general rule the *great* mistake is in not employing enough labor at the beginning. Nothing afterwards will make up for a defect there. Yet men will go on for twenty years bestowing as much labor each year to keep up a defective system as would have, if properly applied at first, saved nearly the whole.

The great art of successful farming is, so to adjust nature that her silent forces may work for us freely and unfettered in full perfection. How to take these obstructions out of the way and bring the forces of nature into the most energetic operation in right directions, is a master considered but by few. Yet certain it is that, at a time like this, when so many men have to be supported in the field of battle by the labors of so few left in the fields of agriculture, how labor may be saved from its most common wastes, in a state like Pennsylvania, is a question on which the prosperity of all our cities, not less than the country, depends.

THE WAR IN THE SOUTHWEST.—The preparations for the war in the Southwest look formidable. There are seven distinct armies operating in that quarter. Cox's command, in the Kanawha Valley; Granger's command, organized at Cincinnati, and moving through central Kentucky; Rosecrans' army, in Middle Tennessee; Grant's army, in Western Tennessee; Mallernand's command, going down the Mississippi; Curtis' army, in Southeast Missouri, and Schofield's command, in Northwestern Arkansas. How large these armies are it is not prudent to disclose; but some of them (as Rosecrans') are known to be large and powerful armies. The rebels have, to meet these, forces amounting in the aggregate to 115,000 men. It consists of the army under Loring, opposed to Cox's, and numbering 15,000; Bragg and Smith's army, in East Tennessee, 60,000 strong, just escaped from, that now commanded by Rosecrans; Pemberton's army (50,000), in Northern Mississippi, and Hindman's (30,000), in Arkansas. These are less in numbers than those they have to contend against, and the probabilities are that the Southwest will be effectually overrun this winter, and rebellion be very much crippled if not crushed.

THE REMOVAL OF GEN. MCCLELLAN.—The Washington Chronicle intimates that the reasons for General McClellan's removal were other than those given in General Halleck's letter, and that they will be made public should the interests of the public demand their disclosure. The reasons given by Gen. Halleck, however satisfactory a justification they might have been early in October for the removal of Gen. McClellan, are certainly not so in November, when the army was advancing against the rebels. It is unfortunate that, in making the removal, the reasons did not go with it.

MUTUAL DISSATISFACTION.

If we are not satisfied with the progress of the war on our side it is quite clear that the rebels are no better off. They think that the armies they have in the field ought to have accomplished far more than they have done. Thus, for instance, in the West General Buell has been superceded because he allowed General Bragg to invade Kentucky, and when he had done so simply drove him back without capturing his forces. But on the other hand the rebels have superceded General Bragg because he only carried off forty miles of baggage wagons filled with spoil and did not stand his ground, beat General Buell, capture Louisville and invade the free States. It was a plan of Beauregard's, laid with great care and neatness, and the failure of it has sunk the spirits of the Rebels about as much as the raid retarded the returning tide of loyalty in the States of Kentucky and Tennessee.

In like manner, in the East, the rebels are now disheartened because they find no hope of revelling in the rich farms of Pennsylvania. They had at least hoped to supply themselves abundantly by constant incursions, and we doubt if they would have been at all more contented with forty miles of captured baggage and plunder could they have obtained them than they were with General Bragg's expedition, or the shoes which Stuart's cavalry slung over their horses necks. And yet because Harper's Ferry was captured and General Lee not utterly routed, Colonels are dismissed the service and Generals retired from active duty. It is at least consoling to know that the rebels are as far from satisfied as we are.

So in like manner we are dissatisfied at the conduct of France and England for keeping alive the hopes of the rebels with prospects of ultimate recognition. But the Richmond Examiner is equally indignant and despairing because "the prospect of European Intervention has dissolved like a snow wreath." We have been disposed of late to complain that our navy was doing a mere nothing, and, no doubt, we have all felt disappointed that Charleston and Savannah were not assailed before this. But we make little of the whole Texan coast being subjected to our vessels, Galveston captured, Sabine city and its forts taken, and Corpus Christi laid at the mercy of our guns. Yet the rebels felt this blow most severely. It has blocked their game of smuggling cotton, and prevented arms from being thus smuggled in. We murmur if a single vessel gets in or out of Charleston with supplies for the rebels. But we forget how they are resorting to every conceivable device to supply their lack even of shoes, and are publishing the most open insults and anathemas on their own rebel government, as not caring for the army, because it suffers them to lack these things.

We could multiply illustrations, but these are sufficient to show that the rebels have fully relied upon it in all their efforts that, by extra exertions, they were in each case making a last struggle and one certain to eventuate in such complete success as would forever set them free, if indeed it did not enable them to overcome and run to riot in the North. But in each of these cases they have gained no advantage, hardly set a foot on our free soil, and if they have, they have been forced to fly in a few hours. We too have had our plans for capturing every fort, taking Richmond, and compelling a surrender of every city. But thus far each has undervalued the enemy and his exertions, and been too sanguine of his own strength, more so than those of the greatest experience and responsibility could afford to be. For us to be no more disappointed, we must respect more than we have done the determined spirit of the South, and take our measures accordingly.

THE DUTY OF THE ARMY.

It is a serious misfortune that scarcely a single act or movement of a public character can occur, that it is not immediately turned to political account, with a view of strengthening partizan power. In ordinary times, this spirit of jealousy between parties, and this disposition to profit by each other's errors or mistakes, produce much evil of a public character, and raise popular excitements, which embarrass if they do not deter the Government itself from action deemed necessary and proper for the public good. How much more injurious may they be, when, in a time of national peril like the present, such action may be demanded by every consideration of public safety and of national existence. The action of the Administration at Washington, in the removal of Gen. McClellan from his command while in front of the enemy, may be generally regretted, not from any consideration personal to that officer, but from the belief that the public interests required that the army, just expected to engage in what was looked upon as the decisive engagement of the war, should be led by an officer in whom they reposed confidence, and whose ability had been so successfully tried. But whatever may be the controlling reasons which operated with the Administration, it is its duty to decide what movements in the field are necessary and who shall direct them, and it is the duty of those who are in the service of the Government to obey. It is within the just exercise of the obligations of good citizens to criticise the action of their public officers, and to publicly condemn them if they are believed to be wrong; but it certainly is not within the proper exercise of these obligations to arouse party passions in such a judgment, and to endeavor to foment such dissatisfaction in the army as would render it ineffective and useless in the presence of an enemy. The rebellion is a danger which threatens the life of the nation. This must be crushed, or we will have no Government or nationality to look to for our common security. While the Government is threatened with violence, force must be used to maintain it; and as the President is constitutionally the Commander-in-chief of our armies, his authority must be respected by those who pretend to serve therein. General McClellan has himself set an example to all his subordinates, which not only exalts him in the estimation of the public, but which justifies the general judgment as to his good sense and patriotism. He having the most reason to complain of the Administration, gracefully, without a murmur, surrenders his command to General Burnside, and, with the true chivalry which ennobles the soldier's character, asks the same generous support of the army for his friend and successor as they have always extended to himself. This example ought to be a lesson to every one of his officers and men. They all owe the sacrifice of their feelings and opinions to the demands of their country. That country will see that full justice is done to those who faithfully serve her in her hour of peril.

OUTRAGEOUS TYRANNY.

New York has a police officer named Kennedy, who also acts as a Provost Marshal. This individual seems to be very zealous in the performance of his duties, and not only arresting people on charges made against them but acting frequently as the accuser himself and detaining persons in custody without authority from government. A very flagrant case of this official misconduct has just been made public, and arouses a great deal of indignation among all parties in New York, so much so that even the Tribune and New York Post call for the government's interference. The case is as follows: A Mrs. Brinsmade, wife of Dr. Brinsmade, came from New Orleans with a pass from Gen. Butler to visit New York, under the charge of the Surgeon of the steamer, and when she arrived at New York, under that of an invalid navy officer whom Com. Morris, at New Orleans, had requested would protect her. She went to Washington, where, after remaining four days, she was arrested, carried back to New York, and was committed by Kennedy to a station-house prison for more than a month. All this was done with such secrecy that it seems Mrs. Brinsmade's friends knew nothing of her whereabouts, till a cabman gave information that she was in the Forty-seventh street station-house. They at once made application to see her and to learn the cause of her arrest; but were told that no one could see her, and that Kennedy intended to send her back to New Orleans "in a day or two;" that she was a rebel and deserved to be hung. Thirty-five days after Kennedy's assurance that Mrs. Brinsmade should be sent "in a day or two" to New Orleans, a letter is received, disclosing the fact that the unfortunate woman is still in close confinement in Forty-seventh street prison. Her friends at once applied to Provost-Marshal Gen. Draper, who knew nothing of the case, though he is Provost-Marshal Kennedy's immediate superior. He wrote to the Judge Advocate-General at Washington, under whose authority alone arrests can be made by Provost-Marshals, and he knew nothing of it. Mr. Draper next applied to Kennedy, who answered that Mrs. Brinsmade was held by order of Baker, Provost-Marshal of Washington. An application to Baker, and to the Assistant Secretary of War, drew forth the reply that the arrest had been made by one of Kennedy's officers, and that the detention was without authority from the War Department. On this Mr. Draper called on Kennedy, received an order for the release of Mrs. Brinsmade, and set her free, after between five and six weeks' confinement in a station house. Kennedy has as yet given no public explanation of his conduct, which, if as represented, ought to put him in some such confinement, with the authority of law, as he lately kept this lady without it.

THE YELLOW FEVER.—According to advices from Charleston, the yellow fever seems to have progressed from Hilton Head to Charleston city, and two hundred cases of it are reported in that city. From Hilton Head the report is that the fever had abated, at Witmington, N. C., it was on the decrease, and at Key West it had entirely disappeared. The presence of the fever in its virulent form at Charleston, will doubtless not suspend the operations against that city. The season will be so far advanced by the time the expedition is ready, that the city may be occupied with safety. Beauregard seems to apprehend the probable issue of the assault, in ordering all the non-combatants out of the city before the attack begins.

WAR NEWS!

A Digest of the Movements of the Week.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 12, 1862.

The Army of the Potomac is still stationed in the vicity of Warrenton, and is receiving supplies fast as they can be wagoned from Gainesville, 12 miles distant, on the Manassas Gap Railroad. The enemy are not in force nearer than the South bank of the Rapidan, and they now hold no strong position, save Cedar Mountain, this side of Gordonsville. Reports from contrabands state that Longstreet is in command of the rebel forces at Culpepper, and that Gen. Lee, the commander-in-chief of the whole army, also has his head-quarters there. They represent that Generals Jackson and Hill are somewhere in the Valley, and that the army at Culpepper is intended to prevent the Union army getting between the main body of the rebel army and Richmond. The enemy's scouts extend to Ashby's and Snicker's Gap.

At a Cabinet meeting held on Monday the command of the army of the Potomac was formally given to General Burnside, though the merits of General Hooker were strongly urged for the position, especially by Secretary Stanton. The appointment of General Burnside is said to be received with more enthusiasm than could have been expected by any other man, as the army prefer him next to McClellan.

Gen. Rosecrans and staff arrived at Nashville on Monday night. They rode from Mitchellville to Nashville, a distance of forty miles, on horseback, without interruption from guerrillas. They represent that the country through which they passed is desolate, the forests blazing with fire, and nearly all the inhabitantr have left. Plenty of provisions were found at Nashville. The recent attack on that place was a feint made to allow Morgan's guerrillas to destroy the railroad bridge. Our loss was about thirty killed and wounded in the affair. Most of the guerrillas have been driven back by Gen. McCook from the city. The enemy, though in large force at Murfreesboro', are yet retreating beyond the Tennessee river, destroying everything in their line of retreat. Gen. Rosecrans occupies the old headquarters of Gen. Buell.

A cavalry force made a reconnoisance toward Blue Ridge on Monday, going near Chester Gap. A rebel scout was captured. Jackson is endeavoring to reach Culpepper.

Rebel Longstreet, with his army, is reported to be at Culpepper, where rebel Lee has his headquarters. Hili and Jackson ere in the Valley. Rebel pickets are reported at Ashby's Gap and Snicker's Gap.

A battle is reported to have occurred in the neighborhood of Fort Henry on the 6th, between the Union troops under Gen. Ransom, and the rebels under Woodward.

Gen. Corcoran's brigade sailed for Fortress Monroe. They occupied five steamers.

The rebels under Wheeler have been dispersed near Mumfordsville.

The Nashville wire has ceased working. It is supposed to have been cut by guerrillas.

On Wednesday night last a battalion of loyal Kentucky troops were attacked near Madisonville, Ky., by a force of guerrillas, who were repulsed and many killed.

The rebel steamship called the Caroline, formerly the Arizona, was captured lately near Mobile, by the United States steamer Montgomery, and taken to Pensacola.

THURSDAY, Nov. 13, 1862.

General McClellan arrived at Trenton yesterday morning. The news from General Burnside's army is not important. A party of General White's rebel cavalry made an attack upon a small band of our forces at Mount Gilead, near Leesburg, on Tuesday night, capturing about thirty-five of our men and a few small arms. The rebel pickets are reported to have disappeared altogether from the vicinity of Harper's Ferry. Rain was falling heavily there yesterday, and the Potomac was rising rapidly, although still fordable.

Despatches from Nashville say that the rebels under Generals Buckner and Polk are retiring southward. General Breckinridge sent a flag of truce from Murfreesboro' on Tuesday night, asking for the exchange of some prisoners. Breckinridge is reported to be sick. Gen. Rosecrans has written a congratulatory letter to Gen. Negley, on the latter's successful defence of Nashville, on Nov. 5th. The rebell blew up the stone work of the bridge over Mills creek, on the Murfreesboro' Railroad, six miles from Nashville. The bridge had just been repaired by the rebels, who also destroyed thr bridge over the Harpeth, near Franklin. Due despatches further state that preparations are being made to elect representatives to the present Congress, from districts in Tennessee in the occupancy of the Union troops. Governor Johnson will probably soon issue a proclamation to that effect.

A despatch was received yesterday from General Davis, at Columbus, Ky., stating that the expedition commanded by Brigadier General Ransom has proved a great success. It came up with Colonel Woodward's rebel force, eight hundred strong, near Garrettsburg, and after a short engagement killed sixteen of his men, among them one captain and a lieutenant, wounding forty, including one captain and two lieutenants, and taking twenty-five prisoners, all their horses and fifty mules, a large number of arms and equipments, half the camps of Woodward's men, and routing the whole force and driving them out of the State of Kentucky. Our loss in this action was three killed and seven wounded.

The latest news from Memphis says that the rebels are still at Holly Springs, but that their stores and provisions have been all removed, and it was reported that the enemy were falling back from there. The Union army passed beyond Lagrange towards Holly Springs on Tuesday.

The tone of the Southern papers, indicates an expected grand battle. The Richmond Enquirer of Monday says significant movements are progressing along the entire line of the army under General Lee. Stirring, perhaps startling, events, seem to be rapidly approaching, promising, in reality, "a short, sharp and decisive" winter campaign. It was reported on Sunday, it says, that General Jackson was upon the verge of battle in the Shenandoah with a greatly superior force of the enemy, and predicts that in the course of a few days a considerable change will take place in the present nominally inactive state of affairs.

Governor Brown, of Georgia, in his annual message to the Legislature, takes ground against the conscription law, the suspension of the habeas corpus, the impressment of private property, and the enforcement of martial law.

The son of George N. Sanders, a major in the rebel army, was captured by a cruiser on the Virginia coast, while signalling to some soldiers in a small inlet. Major Sanders was found to be in possession of rebel despatches for Europe, whence he was endeavoring to escape when detected, and, after a fruitless attempt to reach a vessel which was lying off shore, he was taken by Lieutenant Baker and a boat's crew. The vessel, upon discovering the arrest of Mr. Sanders, immediately put to sea. Four English sailors were in company with the rebel emissary when he was captured, thus intimating that it was upon an English vessel he was about to sail.

The yellow fever is raging at Charleston, South Carolina. The rebels have just launched a powerful ram there. An iron-plated steamer ran the blockade on the 19th ult., after undergoing a heavy fire from the gunboat Flambeau, without receiving any damage. It was not known what vessel she was.

The Richmond Despatch of the 11th states that the Union troops were advancing on Tarboro' in force on the 5th inst., and our special correspondence from Hamilton confirms the statement. It was asserted in the rebel papers, a few days since, that our forces had been defeated at Williamston on the 2d inst. Our correspondence of two days later, however, not only makes the contest a victory, but also states that our troops had occupied Hamilton, several miles farther up the Roanoke river, and had gone to Tarboro.

FRIDAY, Nov. 13, 1862.

All is quiet along the lines of the Army of the Potomac. Little of interest has occurred lately. The men are resting, and during the temporary delay large quantities of supplies are sent to the army by the railrrad, which is now in good working order. Gen. Burnside has been busily engaged, with his subordinate officers, planning future movements. Gen. Halleck paid a visit to the army lately, and had a long interview with Gen. Burnside, at which the campaign was under discussion. Gen. Fitz John Porter has taken leave of his command, and gone to Washington. Gen. Halleck also returned to Washington to-day.

It was reported that General Jackson was moving along the turnpike road toward Cumberland, Md., and that the forces of Generals Floyd and Bragg were concentrating on Gordonsville, to unite with Gen. Lee.

Our advanced corps still occupied Fayetteville, four miles from Rappahannock station. Skirmishing is going on almost constantly between our advance and the enemy's rear, but results are insignificant. Guerrillas hover in our rear, and occasionally pick up squads of convalescents on their way to their respective commands. A small force of rebel cavalry have for several days been prowling through the valley east of the Blue Ridge, and have even ventured down to the vicinity of Warrenton, but the recent movements of our cavalry in pursuit of them have rid that section of them.

The officers of the Western World, just arrived from Port Royal, report that 300 Rhode Island troops had proceeded by the steamer Planter, convoyed by the gunboats, on an expedition to tear up the rails on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, and had met with decided success, having removed the rails for some distance and cut the telegraph wires. Soon after the rails were torn up, a train was observed coming down the line with ordinary speed, filled with a regiment from Georgia. Our troops fired upon them, and soon afterward they received the deadly compliments of a howitzer and a shower of shells from the gunboats Uncas and Patroon, which had arrived to aid the work. The train was stopped by the engineer who was afterward killed, and the Rebels retreated toward Charleston. Subsequently immense reinforcements came down the line for the enemy, which compelled our troops to retreat to the Planter. The colors of the Georgia regiment and several pickets were captured on this occasion.

The story about an alleged iron-clad which ran the blockade off Charleston harbor is traceable to an event that occurred more than a month ago. The rebel steamer ran by the Flambeau during the night. Much of what is said about the rebels being reinforced with iron-clad vessels from Europe, finds no confirmation at the Navy Department.

A Lynchburg (Rebel) paper says, that the number of desertions daily from the rebel army is startling, and that they are often the best class of soldiers. It adds that the rebel Government is fully alive to the magnitude of the evil, and is enforcing the death penalty in the case of every deserter.

A detachment of Col. J. W. Foster's command left Anderson, Ky., on Monday, surprised a band of guerrillas near Madisonville, and captured several prisoners, horses, and arms. Our forces are still in pursuit.

Gen. Grant's army have occupied Holly Springs, and the pickets are three miles south of that point.

SATURDAY, Nov. 15, 1862.

From the head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac we learn that a rebel brigade, which has for several days been reconnoitering in position on the Rappahannock, left the vicinity yesterday morning for Culpepper, harassed on their retreat by General Pleasanton's cavalry. There are indications that the rebels intend to evacuate Culpepper, probably with a view to concentrate at Gordonsville. The reports as to the whereabouts of Jackson and his command are contradictory. At head-quarters he is reported to be still hovering about Chester Gap, with not more than forty thousand men under his command, while at Harper's Ferry it is believed that he is again approaching that point—our scouts reporting that he passed through Winchester in that direction on Monday, followed by General Hill on Tuesday. In either contingency our officers are believed to be fully prepared.

General Wright despatches to the War Department, from his head-quarters in Cincinnati, state that Gen. Kelly, on the 10th inst., attacked Colonel Imboden's camp, eighteen miles south of Moorefield, Hardy county, Va., routed him completely, killing and wounding many and capturing his camp, fifty prisoners, a quantity of arms, and a large number of horses, cattle, hogs and wagons. The rebels, he says, were entirely dispersed and fled to the mountains.

The rebels are said to be concentrating in large force at Murfreesboro', with a view to resist the advance of our troops from Nashville or to obtain supplies, which is most likely. Colonel Kennett, of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry, commanding the region about Hartsville, reports the capture of large quantities of rebel supplies, and that their foraging parties are skedaddling as rapidly as possible.

Our extracts from the Southern papers to-day are intensely interesting. The Grenada Appeal in its Richmond correspondence says that General Lee is about to go into winter quarters within a few miles of Richmond. The condition of the city is represented as frightful. We are told that "garoting, burglary, drunkenness, in spite of the Provost Marshal, and all manner of villainy are on the increase most alarmingly, and provisions are constantly advancing in price. Flour is $25 a barrel here, in sight of the largest mills in the world, and butter is difficult to obtain at $1 50 per pound; that Richmond is worse than Naples, worse than Baltimore was when Winter Davis was the Wilkes of the Plug Ugly swell mob of that lawless city. No one thinks of going into the Cimmerian streets after nightfall without arms. A large and well-organized gang of cut-throats has taken the town.' They lie in wait at almost every corner, well provided with slung shots, billies, brass knuckles, and all the other devilish implements of mischief which the city highwayman uses to disable his victims, and they attack everybody that wishes alone, oftentimes ladies when attended by gentlemen."

MONDAY, Nov. 17, 1862.

The troops of Gen. Burnside's army are said to be in excellent condition and anxious to be led to battle. On Friday morning, while the Second division of the Ninth corps, under General Sturgis, were passing from Sulphur Springs to Fayetteville, at a point about four miles from the latter place, a rebel battery opened upon the column from an elevation on the opposite bank of the river. The attack was sudden, and rapid firing ensued from a twenty-pound gun and several of lighter calibre. Captain Durck's Pennsylvania battery, which was passing at the time, was at once placed in position, and replied to the rebels. The artillery duel lasted for more than two hours, when the rebels withdrew, and the column continued its march to Fayetteville.

General Burnside has issued an order reorganizing the Army of the Potomac. Three grand divisions are announced—one under the command of General Sumner; another under General Franklin, and the third under General Sigel.

An opinion prevails among military men in Washington that General Burnside's army will soon be attacked by the rebels in force.

Important news was received by the Navy Department yesterday, from the Gulf, to the effect that the United Staces gunboat Sagamore captured the English schooner Trier, from Nassau, with a cargo of one hundred bags of salt and miscellaneous articles on the 28th ult. On the 23d ult., the same gunboat captured the English schooner Francis, from Nassau, with salt, powder and gin. The schooner Rachel Seaman, on the 6th ult., captured off Sabine Pass, the English schooner Dart. The steamer Kensington recently captured the English schooner Adventurer, attempting to run the blockade off the coast of Texas. Thus it would appear that our cruisers in the Gulf are not idle.

The arrival of the United States steamship Connecticut puts us in possession of the gratifying intelligence that the whole seacoast of Texas is now held by our naval forces.

The correspondence between Gov. Vance (rebel) and Governor Stanly (Union), of North Carolina, relative to a friendly conference, appears to have been brought to an unfavorable termination. According to the latest accounts Governor Vance declines any meeting between himself and Governor Stanly. He also declines a conference of commissioners. He writes, in a defiant tone, that North Carolina will fight to the last drop of blood, and refers Governor Stanly, if he has any propositions to make, to treat directly with the rebel authorities at Richmond.

This, of course, settles the question of any amicable arrangement with North Carolina, as far as Gov. Vance's influence bears weight.

The news from the Southwest is not very important, but is interesting. A special dispatch from La Grange, Tenn., dated the 14th instant, received at Chicago, says that five regiments of rebel cavalry advanced on Friday from Lumkin's Mills to within two miles of Holly Springs. Skirmishing commenced and continued for some time. The rebels lost six killed and seven commissioned officers were captured. The rebel General Villipigue died at Port Hudson a few days ago of pneumonia.

PRESIDENT BENSON left Liverpool on the 24th of October, by the monthly mail steamer, for Liberia, after an absence of seven months from home. On the previous evening he was present at a grand banquet given by the Mayor of Liverpool to the Mayor and Corporation of Manchester, and made a sensible speech. On the 22d, he attended a great dinner given by all the foreign Consuls of Liverpool, where he also made an address. The fete of the Manchester Corporation was intended for the 25th, but was advanced two days for the accommodation of the President, who had to depart on the 24th. Gerard Ralston, Esq., wrote to a friend:—"The President has gained golden opinions wherever he has been in Great Britain and the Continent, and his visit will be of great benefit to his rising young country, in making it known and extending commercial relations between it and the countries of Europe."

THE PIRATE ALABAMA AGAIN.—The pirate Alabama, after her recent nautical raid upon ships just off our coast in these latitudes, has gone up along the coast directly in the track of the vessels sailing between the United States and Europe. She was recently spoken, date not given, off Sable Island, a low sandy island, which lies about two hundred miles east of the port of Halifax. This position is a very favorable one for further assaults upon our commerce, though no reports are brought of any fresh aggression of that kind. It is one also from which she may easily procure a supply of coals, of which, no doubt, she felt the need. The information given of his whereabouts will serve to put our vessels on the right track, so that the pursuit of him may prove successful,

OPERATIONS IN NORTH CAROLINA.—The column of 12,000 men, under General Foster, which was despatched to North Carolina, appears to have gone up Tar river, emptying into Pamlico river, and made a demonstration within a short distance of Tarboro.' Tarboro' is in Edgecomb county, through the western part of which runs the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad. The account we have is from the Register, printed in Raleigh, seventy-six miles distant from Tarboro'. The people of Tarboro' were all leaving the place, expecting an attack. It was supposed, when Foster's expedition left, that Goldsboro' was the point of attack, but the demonstration at Tarboro' will be likely to accomplish the same object—the possession of the railroad running south from Petersburg.

THE REBEL GENERAL JACKSON NO POET.—Dudley Davenport, a Lieutenant in the United States service, says the poem "My Wife and Child," which is ascribed to the rebel General Jackson, was written by Henry R. Jackson, a resident of Savannah, Mr. Davenport's brother-in-law.

LATE FROM NEW ORLEANS.

GEN. WEITZEL'S EXPEDITION.

BATTLE AT THIBODEAUX.

THE REBELS DEFEATED AND ROUTED

COLONEL McPHEETERS KILLED.

The Railroad Open and Safely Guarded—Considerable Rolling Stock Captured.

GEN. WEITZEL STILL ADVANCING.

[From the N. O. Delta, 31st ult.]

Late last evening, intelligence was received from General Weitzel, commanding the forces now operating in the Opelousas country. Gen. Weitzel entered Thibodaux on Tuesday, at 3 o'clock P. M., without opposition. He met and engaged the enemy at Laadieville on Tuesday, and put them to rout after a short contest.

General Weitzel lost about sixteen killed and sixty wounded. The number of casualties on the other side is unknown. Among the rebel dead is Col. McPheeters, the commanding officer, who was buried by our forces. Over a hundred and eighty prisoners were captured and paroled. One piece of artillery also fell into our hands.

At Raceland two 32-pounder guns and two 12-pounder howitzers and considerable rolling stock were captured. The rebels left this side of the Bayou Lafourche in great haste. The railway is now safely guarded hence to Thibodaux.

Gen. Weitzel's advance pushed steadily onward from Thibodaux without again overtaking the enemy, who is running!

From a gentleman who was present at the fight, the Picayune learns the following particulars:

It appears that on Monday the rebels marched twenty-two miles to Napoleonville, to meet the United States forces, and then, to select a suitable position, they fell back nine miles, to the spot where the engagement took place.

The rebels, we learn, numbered about 330, and were commanded by Colonel McPheeters, of the Eighteenth Louisiana Volunteers.

The fight at once commenced, the United States forces opening with shell, while the Thirteenth Connecticut, and Eighth New Hampshire were crossing the bayou, under a brisk fire from the rebels. The two regiments named attacked the rebels in front. At the same time the Seventy-fifth New York marched up and took position in the rear of the Thirteenth Connecticut. The fight was not under fire. While the rebels were attacked in front, a body of United States cavalry advanced to attack them in flank, but about the time they got within fighting distance the rebels, unable longer to withstand the vigorous onset made by an overwhelming force, surrendered.

The fight did not last more than half an hour, our informant thinks, and was quite warmly contested, both sides displaying great courage. The attacking force vigorously pressed forward, unchecked by the brisk fire of the rebels, and the latter sustained the combat with great spirit until their assailants were within five paces of them, when they threw down their arms.

Our informant says that the fight was about over, most of the rebels having laid down their arms, when the captain of one of the companies of the Thirteenth Connecticut advanced on Colonel McPheeters and demanded that he surrender. The latter swore he would not, and drawing a pistol, shot the captain. Immediately a private of the Thirteenth Connecticut shot the colonel through the head, killing him on the spot. So infuriated were the men of that regiment at the shooting of the captain, it was with the utmost difficulty that officers could restrain them from rushing on and killing the whole rebel force.

Our informant also says that after the fight the rebels were treated by the victors with great kindness.

We are informed from another source that the Eighteenth Louisiana is the Crescent Regiment; that not only it, but the Twenty-third Louisiana and Withers' battery were in the fight, and that the rebel force engaged was quadruple that stated by our informant, as above.

The following are the losses of the rebels:

Prisoners,	208
Wounded,	15
Killed,	6
Total,	229

These were all that fell into our hands. The other rebel wounded were carried off by the enemy in their retreat. The wounded were cared for in our hospital with our own men.

Of the enemy, there were killed and buried on the field, Col. McPheters, Crescent Regiment, and four others, rank and names unknown. Total, 17.

Our loss was 16 killed, 74 wounded.

Gen. McClellan's Farewell to the Army.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11.—Major General McClellan and his personal staff left Warrenton at 11 o'clock to-day. On reaching Warrenton Junction a salute was fired. The troops which had been drawn up in line afterwards broke ranks, when the soldiers crowded round him, and many eagerly called for a few parting words. He made no response, while on the platform of the railroad car, but said to a friend by Gen. Burnside as you have stood by me, and all will be well. Good bye."

To this there was a spontaneous and enthusiastic response.

The troops were also drawn up in line at Bristow and Manassas Junction, where salutes were fired, and where General McClellan was complimented with enthusiastic cheers.

The party arrived here this afternoon, just in time to take the five o'clock train of cars for Baltimore.

The cars being detained, owing to some impediment on the track, Gen. McClellan was recognized by the many soldiers quartered in that vicinity, when he was greeted with oft-repeated cheers.

The following farewell order was read to the troops composing the Army of the Potomac, yesterday morning, on dress parade.:

HEED QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Camp near Rectortown, Nov. 7th, 1862.

Officers and Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac.—An order of the President devolves upon Major-General Burnside the command of this army. In parting from you, I cannot express the love and gratitude I bear to you. As an army you have grown up under my care. In you I have never found doubt and coldness. The battles you have fought under my command will proudly live in our national history. The glory you have achieved—our perils and fatigue—the graves of our comrades, fallen in battle and by disease—the broken forms of those whom wounds and sickness have disabled—are the strongest assertions which can exist among men united by an indissoluble bond that we will ever be comrades in supporting the Constitution of our country and the nationality of its people. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General U. S. Army.

Important News from Charleston.

BOSTON, Nov. 12.—The correspondent of the Journal, on board the gun-boat South Carolina, off Charleston, dated 15th, says that the British frigate Racer, by permission of Flag Officer Green, had entered Charleston Harbor, and brought away the British Consul.

He says the rebels have just launched a powerful ram, and that two others are ready for plating with iron, which they expected every day from England, in an iron-plated steamer. He also reports the steamer Nashville, lying at the mouth of Stono Inlet, six miles from Charleston, waiting a chance to run out. He reports over 200 cases of yellow fever in Charleston when he left.

The same correspondent writes under date of the 15th: about 10 o'clock last night, heavy firing was heard to the northward, lasting half an hour. From the sound of the guns the firing was supposed to be about eight miles off.

This morning a boat arrived from the flagship informing us that a vessel had run the blockade, and that the firing was from the Flambeau, which got under way before the steamer had run the line of the blockade, and attempted to stop her. She took no notice of the Flambeau, which fired 22 shots against her sides, but they rattled off like hail, and she must have been iron plated and thick at that, or the Flambeau's rifled shots would have gone through her. She did not seem to mind them, but kept on up the channel and run in. It is thought she was the vessel that the rebels expected with iron plates for the Rams. If so, we must expect hot work before long, unless we have something better than wooden ships to contend with her.

The U. S. steamer Rhode Island, from the South, passed Cape Cod at 11.30 to-day.

A Brilliant Success in Kentucky.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—The following despatch was received at the Head-quarters of the Army to-day:

LA GRANGE, Tenn., Nov. 11.—To Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:—The following despatch has just been received from Gen. Davis, at Columbus:

"The expedition commanded by Brigadier-General Ransom has proved a great success. It came up with General Woodward's rebel force, 800 strong, near Garrettsburg

ARMY AND NAVY.

ARRIVAL OF THE GUNBOAT PATROON.—The United States gunboat Patroon arrived off the Navy Yard at ten o'clock yesterday morning, from Port Royal. She left New York on the 24th of March last, and proceeded to Fortress Monroe. During the engagements with the Merrimac she secured the safety of a number of schooners by towing them over Hampton Bar. Thence she sailed to Port Royal, with the fleet of Commodore Dupont. While blockading St. John's river, her topmast was carried away by a ball from a rebel battery on St. John's Bluff. Subsequently, in the engagement at the Coosawatchie river, she covered the landing of our troops from the "Planter."

The following is a list of her officers: Acting Master Commanding, Wm. B. Uran; Ensign and Executive Officer, W. Jameson; Acting Assistant Surgeon, F. Lawson; Acting Assistant Paymaster L. B. Blydenburg; Acting Second Assistant Engineer, S. Swartwout; Acting Third Assistant Engineers, T. B. Green and Charles Bennett; Master's Mates, S. G. Hayter and P. C. Asserson.

NAVAL ORDERS.—Acting Volunteer Lieut. Eaton has been ordered to the Circassian.

Acting Paymaster C. B. Hutchinson is ordered to the steamer Commodore Morris.

Acting Volunteer Surgeon Lorresilly is ordered to the Brandywine.

Lieut. Commanding L. H. Newman has been detached from the iron-clad steamer Galena, and Acting Lieut. Jas. Parker has been ordered to that vessel.

Lieuts. John Weidman and R. H. Lamson have been detached from the Pawnee at Philadelphia.

Commander L. C. Sartori has been detached from the command of the Florida and ordered to the command of the Cyane on the Pacific.

Commander S. B. Bissell has been de ached from the command of the Cyane and ordered to the Navy Yard, Mare Island, California.

Captain T. P. Green has been detached from Mare Island Navy Yard and ordered to the Atlantic States.

Second Assistant Engineer Coynton is ordered to the gunboat Urnona.

T. W. Drummond is appointed Acting Assistant Surgeon in the Navy.

ASSUMED COMMAND.—Commodore C. K. Stribling, the newly appointed Commander at this naval station, arrived at the navy-yard, the 14th, about noon, and was received with the customary salute, fired from on board the Receiving ship Princeton. He entered at once upon his duties.

CAPT. GANSEVOORT.—The court martial in the case of Capt. Gansevoort, for the loss of the frigate Adirondack, through negligence, returned a verdict of not guilty. The Secretary of the Navy, while stating the decision, censures Capt. Gansevoort for his negligent navigation.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, November 19, 1862.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER,

PHILADELPHIA.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE

in Every Paper During the Entire Year!

The publishers of the "Dollar Newspaper," with a view of stimulating the friends of the paper to still further increase its circulation and the sphere of its usefulness, have determined to offer

$300 IN CASH PREMIUMS.

$100 for the largest Club, not less than 300 from any one Town.		
75 for the next largest, not less than 250 from any one Town.		
50 for the next largest, not less than 200 from any one Town.		
40 for the next largest, not less than 150 from any one Town.		
20 for the next largest, not less than 100 from any one Town.		
10 for the next largest, not less than 75 from any one Town.		
5 for the next largest, not less than 50 from any one Town.		

No competitor to receive more than one premium for the same list of subscribers. This offer commences with the first of November, 1862, and will include all names, accompanied with the subscriptions, received between that date and the 1st day of March 1863.

The premiums above offered, in connection with the abatement in prices allowed in the terms of the paper to those who subscribe in clubs, it is believed will be found inducement sufficient to young men in various neighborhoods to exert themselves in behalf of the "Newspaper."

The direct fruits of a little effort, as here suggested, cannot fail to secure to those making it, not only satisfactory pecuniary rewards, but the consolation of knowing that they have engaged in a work of real advantage to such of their neighbors as they may have induced to become readers of a really instructive Family Newspaper.

Now being now the great feature of the times, the publishers of the "Dollar Newspaper" will devote their best energies to command the most reliable intelligence from our armies, giving in each number all

THE WAR NEWS.

For a year or two past this heretofore peaceful and prosperous nation has been involved in the most gigantic and destructive war the world has ever known, and at present the probabilities are that the interest in it will continue for months to come, though the rebellion should be sooner overcome. In the meantime the "Newspaper" will closely note its most important events. By following the operations of the armies from day to day, succinctly presenting the whole from week to week, we shall furnish a fresh and running history of this lamentable rebellion.

THE STORY DEPARTMENT

is made up almost wholly with Original Stories, from the best authors that prompt and liberal payment can draw to its columns. The

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT,

each week, occupies some three or four of the long columns of the "Newspaper," and is a most interesting feature of the paper, being almost wholly original and comprising the usual variety for

The Farmer and Land Owner!
The Grazier and Breeder!
The Orchardist and Gardener!
The Dairyman and the Apiarian!

And for all interested in the pleasures of the fireside!

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THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TERMS:

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Club of Eighty, and one to getter up of Club	60 00
Club of One Hundred, and one to getter up of Club	75 00

No subscription for less than one year will be received. The "Newspaper" is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which it is paid.

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inserted at 25 cts a line per week, and as a medium for the sale of Real Estate, Stocks, &c, and for making known the various articles of Agricultural Machinery where sold, &c., it is probably not surpassed by any other paper in the country.

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WM M. SWAIN & CO.,
Publishers of the Dollar Newspaper,
S. W. corner of Third and Chesnut sts., Philada.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"BEREAVED" and "BROTHER AND SISTER," by Clara Augusta, we have filed for early publication. They are both effusions of more than ordinary merit.

"THE SHIVERING DANDY" is too imperfectly written for publication.

"DEAREST WIFE" is declined.

SENSIBLY SAID.

A correspondent and subscriber to the "Newspaper," residing in Butler county, in this State, under date of November 11th inst., bears the following complimentary evidence in favor of the "Newspaper," while quietly rebuking that nuisance in a neighborhood, the borrower:

"MESSRS. WM. M. SWAIN & CO—SIRS: Having been a constant reader of the 'Newspaper' for the last four or five years, I must say that I have been very much pleased with the paper, as well as instructed, and I cannot see how some persons can do with out a paper, as they do, and borrow, when they might for the sum of $1 receive such an excellent journal as the "Dollar Newspaper."

We wish the readers of the "Newspaper," and that portion of the reading public now looking about for a suitable family paper for the coming year, to not only refer to our prospectus, and to our offers of premiums, but to examine the paper itself. The THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS in CASH PREMIUMS will cost little effort and incur no risk, while it will return a handsome reward to those engaging in the competition to secure the several premiums. Let the matter be early taken in hand and the names sent on as obtained. We shall keep strict account of the number, and will carefully aggregate them at the expiration of the period named—March 1st, 1863.

THE BLOCKADE—ITS DIFFICULTIES.

A letter from the Charleston fleet describes the difficulties which the squadron experiences in blockading that harbor, and also gives some information respecting the iron-clad steamer reported to have entered Charleston harbor, the balls fired from the Flambeau rolling from her side like peas. The vessel was not an iron-clad, and she did not escape so safely. It was the British steamer Minho, which left Bermuda on the night of the 18th of October, before the moon rose, and tried to get into Charleston under the darkness. She arrived at the harbor of Charleston at two o'clock on the morning of the 20th. The Flambeau saw her, and tried to stop her passage, but the speed of the steamer was too great, and all that could be done was to follow her up and discharge shot at her. She ran ashore opposite Moultrie, and the next morning it was found that she was partly sunk, from the shot of the Flambeau, and eventually she went to pieces, with little of her cargo saved by the rebels. Charleston harbor has six channels to it, neither one of which has *less* than eleven feet at low water, and sixteen feet at high water. The approach to these channels measures, upon the arc of a circle, about *twelve miles*. To guard these channels eight, ten and sometimes twelve steamers are necessary. One steamer, at least, is always anchored near the mouth of each channel, especially at night, or in thick weather in the day-time. Other steamers are a little further out, and others under steam cruising off. The steamers at anchor always have *steam up*, and ready to slip their cables and be off at a moment's warning, not stopping to heave up the anchor. The English steamers which are engaged in running the blockade with cargoes for the rebels, draw eleven and twelve feet of water; the tops of their bulwarks are not more than seven feet above the water. They are painted lead color, so that they can be seen but a very short distance at night, and are of great speed. They tine their departure from Nassau so as to reach Charleston when there is no moon. It is not to be wondered at that they occasionally get through safely, though the frequent captures show how dangerous is the enterprise.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

Longfellow is preparing a poem for the Atlantic Monthly on the loss of the Cumberland

☞ Hon. James M. Porter died at Easton on the 11th inst. He was seventy years of age.

☞ The entire Republican State Ticket of Kansas is elected.

☞ The Postmaster General has given orders for the redemption of all postage stamps which have been used as currency.

☞ "Much coin, much care" says the old proverb. Much paper, much perplexity, is the story now.

☞ Gen. Rosecrans has issued an order that slaves of rebels shall be impressed for fatigue duty.

☞ Two New York speculators in Government claims have been arrested and sent to Fort Lafayette.

☞ The Richmond Enquirer hints at consummate strategy on the part of Lee, and says that startling events will soon happen.

☞ A letter in the Mobile Tribune declares that there are not enough blankets for one regiment in Price's whole army.

☞ The bark Jane Anderson, of Boston, was wrecked on Saturday, the 8th inst., at Barnegat shoal, and all hands lost.

☞ When our armies win victories, says Prentice, the reputation of our country will be at a premium, and gold will not.

☞ The strikes continue in New York. The horse-shoers and house-painters are combining to exact higher wages from the employers.

☞ New York city gave the largest Democratic majority ever known in its history. It is 31,347. Last year it was 48,000 Republican.

☞ Prentice says if the people of Charleston wish to burn, their city rather than see it fall into Union hands, let them. We can stand the blaze if they can.

☞ Dr. Lambelle, the eminent Paris physician, says that an electric shock is sure salvation to anybody dying from the effects of chloroform.

☞ The National Intelligencer denies that it is the President's organ, but reiterates its statement that on January first the emancipation proclamation will be withdrawn.

☞ The "detectives" in New York recovered the Bank of Commerce's trunk containing $500,000 by means of a $2000 bribe to a noted receiver.

☞ The Louisville Journal says the people of Arkansas have bigger toothpicks and just now less occasion to pick their teeth than any other fellows alive.

☞ It is said that the rebel government is about to close the whole of the newspaper offices in the Confederacy. It needs all the paper that can be had to make Confederate scrip.

☞ Washington letters say "the lobby expects to do a large business during the coming session, as there are thousands of war and other claims to be put through." Alas! poor country! Alas! poor tax-payers!

☞ Fifteen thousand volunteers have deserted from New York regiments owing to the negligence of the State authorities. Their bounties amount to $2,250,000—and are so much loss to the State.

☞ A heavy haul of counterfeit notes, bogus plates, and the machinery for printing them, was made in New York on the 11th inst., by Chief Detective Franklin, assisted by Deputy Marshal Jenkins and Sergeant E. Tryon, of the Philadelphia City Police.

☞ Prentice asks: "Couldn't some of the thousands who claim exemption from military service on account of bodily infirmity do something for the cause by providing themselves with sewing manhines and making soldiers clothes?"

☞ "Isn't it astonishing," said a wealthy individual, "that a large fortune was left me by a person who had only seen me once?" "It would have been much more astonishing," said a wag, "if he had left it to you after seeing you twice."

☞ People often speak of a trillion as a possible number. The fact is that not a trillion of seconds has elapsed since the creation of Adam! nor will that number have elapsed until February 1st, in the year of our Lord 25,825! for in a trillion of seconds there are 31,687 years, 52 days, 1 hour, 46 minutes and 10 seconds.

☞ "Love in a cottage," was often found the theme of poets and romancers; but it is notable that they all live in four-story houses—if they ever get money enough. The truth is, true love is apt to be prolific, and nine children take up a deal of room. That is the way love outgrows the cottage, at last.

☞ The revenue from the internal tax, it is said at Washington, will reach nearer two hundred and fifty millions of dollars than one hundred and fifty millions, the sum it was first thought it would produce. In one district in New York, where the Collector thought three thousand licenses would be necessary, fifteen thousand are required.

☞ Pickwickian explanations are frequent and on the whole are rather useful than otherwise. But the ambiguous apology is a much higher work of art—as when a man who had accused his neighbor of falsehood, made the following seeming retraction: "I called you a liar—it is true. You spoke truth; I have told a lie.

☞ There were 295 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 168 were adults and 127 children. There were 46 from consumption of the lungs; 10 from convulsions; 8 from diptheria; 11 from diarrhœa; 21 from debility; 13 from typhoid fever; 13 from inflammation of the lungs; 4 from marasmus, and 8 from gunshot wounds. Deaths and interments of soldiers in this city, 29.

☞ A Roman being about to repudiate his wife, among a varigty of other questions, was asked by her enraged kinsmen: "Is not your wife a sensible woman? Is she not handsome?" In answer to which, slipping off his shoe he held it up, asking them: "Is it not quite new? Is it not extremely well made? How, then, is it that none of you can tell me where it pinches?"

☞ This year has demonstrated beyond doubt that the prairies of Illinois are completely adapted to the cotton plant, and that the climate of Illinois presents no obstacle to its successful cultivation. Large fields were planted to cotton in April and May last, and they were sufficiently matured before the frost came to be gathered, yielding an average of 300 pounds per acre. Estimates of the local papers give 20,000 bales as the yield of the State this year.

☞ A correspondent of the London Times states that the word "skedaddle" is not a Yankee invention. It is commonly use, he says, in Dumfreshire. To skedaddle means to spill in small quantities any liquids. The same word applies to coals, potatoes or apples, and other substances falling from a cart in travelling from one place to another. But skedaddle does not apply to bodies of men scattered.

☞ Prince Napoleon and his wife have been gallivanting about Naples. They were recognized in the crowded Toledo; and the Princess Clotilde received quite an ovation from the population, as the daughter of their now sovereign, Victor Emmanuel. Meanwhile, the wife of the old King—the beautiful ex-queen of Ferdinand II, the heroine of Gaeta, the *lionne* of Rome last winter—is about to take the veil and retire from life into a convent, disgusted with the world. Such are the ups and downs of royalty.

☞ Everybody has heard of "Hartford Prolifics," but perhaps everybody does not know precisely what the article is. We get the following light from the Times of that city:

"On Potter street, in this city, resides Mrs. Michael O'Neil, a fair haired, rosy woman of about thirty-two, who has been married just thirteen years, and has just thirteen children! Eight of them are living, and are fine healthy children. Once there were triplets born for her; *four times* she had twins; and twice she became the mother of single children. There are expectations of a further and speedy increase of the family. Mr. O'Neil is a laboring man, about forty years old, and a very worthy man."

☞ The attempts heretofore made to obtain pure Sorghum seed have failed, and Commissioner Newton is now making arrangements to obtain a quantity from China, which is the only country, it is believed, where that seed is not more or less hybridized with broom corn seed. The cultivators of Sorghum should take especial care not to grow it in the vicinity of broom corn, if they wish to use the seed, as they will, more or less run together. Sorghum in the production of seeds is one of the most prolific plants grown. Mr. Owen A. Duffy, of this city, an amateur in husbandry, in a small way, obtained, some years ago, three grains of a small parcel of pure sorghum seat to this office, which he planted, and the second year's growth produced seed enough to plant fifty acres, and all apparently of the purest kind.

AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, who are deservedly favorites in this city, greatly grieved their best friends by appearing every evening last week, at the *Walnut Street Theatre*, in a very trashy production from the French, called, "The Black Doctor." The language is very common-place, while the whole story is disgustingly ridiculous. This piece is very creditably put upon the stage, but in aught else it is quite beneath criticism. We are glad that it has been put aside, and all those who appreciate Mr. Davenport's fine reading, and his admirable taste as an actor, hope to see him more generally in his old line of characters, where beauty of diction and great force of thought combine to afford not only entertainment to intelligent audiences, but substantial information to all. Unless something new can be had that approaches the excellence of Shakspeare, Bulwer, Knowles, and such other stagers, rather let us have from the first of old plays, such as "Hamlet," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Lady of Lyons," "London Assurance," "The Hunchback," "The Wife," and others of like character, in all which the Davenports appear to so much advantage and with so much satisfaction to their large audiences.

At the *Arch Street Theatre*, Mr. J. S. Clarke continues his very successful engagement in his varied round of funny characters. Clarke is now the head of his profession in his peculiar line. He lacks the advantage of the illustrious Burton's person for stage effect, but his facial action and his attitudinizing are in many parts quite equal to those of his renowned predecessor. If any one would laugh let him go see Clarke.

At the *Assembly Building*, for the credit of the taste of Philadelphia, we gladly notice the steadily increasing popularity of *Abel & Co.'s Stereopticon*, one of the most chaste, beautiful and instructive exhibitions of its character ever offered to the public. The pictures are all true to life, and are presented with most marked effect. The oral descriptions are given by a highly educated gentleman. The juveniles are its most enthusiastic visiters, receiving impressions which will leave permanent effect on their minds. One day last week over four hundred boys from the public schools, well-bred and intelligent lads, were among the audiences, and fully enjoyed what they saw and heard. Almost every afternoon many mothers and their children are pleased and instructed by this highly artistic work, while the evening exhibitions are more generally to adults, young and old of both sexes, of cultivated tastes.

La Guerrabella made her *debut* at the N. Y. Academy on Monday week. The critics say she vocalizes beautifully, and is distinguished by the grace, and distinction of her bearing.

The Eleventh Street Opera House, still under the management of Carncross & Dixey, keeps its usual variety of burlesque, dancing, singing, etc., to full houses.

LITERARY RECORD.

The Pirates of the Prairies; or, Adventures in the American Desert. By Gustave Aimard. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This is a cheap novel, filled with hairbreadth escapes and incidents, more startling than probable. The story would be more relished at almost any other time than the present, when the whole country is filled with so much of the terrible in real life. We require nothing of the wild and unnatural in fiction to arouse us now.

McCLELLAN'S CAMPAIGN.

The two Orleans Princes, who acted as General McClellan's Aids, have given the French public the result of their experience in the campaign upon the Virginia Peninsula. The article is published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and has attracted considerable notice abroad, both for the carefulness with which the events are given as a historical record, as well as for the criticisms upon our army and its operations, and the opinions expressed of the military ability of our Generals. The article describes the difficulties General McClellan had in organizing our army, from the lack of previous military experience in this country in regard to grand armies, the character of the material obtained from voluntary enlistments, and the consequent lack of discipline in an army in which the officers and men so nearly approached an equality. The difficulties and prodigious labor encountered are ably shown, and from one who speaks understandingly of what was done. The plan of the campaign is discussed, and some facts given which prove that the blunders attributed to the General had their origin in another quarter. The facts go to show and upon evidence which can scarcely be disputed, that General McClellan is not responsible for the failure of that campaign. It has been widely circulated and believed, that the plans of the General were interfered with by the Secretary of War. The French Princes, who may be presumed to be beyond the influences of our party politics, clearly show that they were so interfered with, if they do not fix the responsibility upon the head of the War Department. This publication has raised much higher the military reputation of General McClellan abroad, since it is shown what he intended to accomplish, his manner of doing it, and what were the causes which interfered with its success. We have made some extracts from the article, which are of special interest at this time, when the merits of General McClellan, as a military commander, are the subject of such general discussion.

GENERAL SCOTT.

Gen. Scott has written a rejoinder to ex-President Buchanan's reply to the General's first letter, in reference to the garrisoning of the forts at the breaking out of the rebellion. Mr. Buchanan said in excuse for leaving the forts undefended that he had no troops to put in them. Gen. Scott remnds him now that there were six hundred recruits at New York and Carlisle barracks, with five companies of regulars. This number of troops would have supplied garrisons of the two forts below New Orleans, a garrison for Fort Morgan below Mobile, a reinforcement of one hundred men to Fort Pickens, a garrison of the same number at Fort McRae, one hundred men to Fort Jefferson at Tortugas, the same to Fort Pulaski and two hundred for Moultrie and Sumter. These small garrisons would have been sufficient for the protection of the forts against any surprise, and this relief might have been extended in November, 1860. In answer to Mr. Buchanan's sneer agasnst Gen. Scott's "weak design" to save the forts, the General reminds the ex-President of what Slemmer did at Fort Pickens. Mr. Buchanan denied the influence of Floyd, and asserted that he was President himself. Gen. Scott says he would be very sorry to believe that the ex-President consented to the removal by Floyd of 115,000 muskets and rifles from northern to southern repositories. The 120 pieces of heavy artillery shipped for Texas on Floyd's order were stopped at Pittsburg through Gen. Scott's advice. Floyd himself is cited to prove by his speech in Richmond that he claimed the credit of defeating Gen. Scott's plans respecting the forts. The conclusion of a disinterested reader of the correspondence so far would, we think, be, that the forts could have been manned to secure them to the possession of the government, if there had been any vehement desire to do so.

THE HARPER'S FERRY MILITARY COMMISSIONERS' REPORT.—The Harper's Ferry military commissioners' report must have been written by some muddle-headed individual who could not see facts very clearly, or know how to draw correct conclusions from them. Its self-contradictions are the subject of general comment and criticism. One remarkable instance is that in which they accuse Col. Miles of imbecility and a shameful surrender of an important post, and yet they censure General McClellan for not relieving him earlier. If there were no need on the part of Miles to surrender the post, as the Commissioners say when they accuse him of imbecility for yielding it, there was no need of McClellan hurrying forward assistance. The place could and ought to have been held, and the General advancing was not called on specially to divert any of his force to aid in holding a perfectly tenable post. But the Commissioners show that Gen. McClellan did give the aid required, and expeditiously, for Miles sent Captain Russel to tell him that he could hold out forty-eight hours and no longer. Russel started on his errand on the evening of the 13th, reached McClellan the morning of the 14th, carried an order to Franklin for troops, and reached him at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. By next morning, within two-thirds of the time Miles promised to hold out, Franklin was within seven miles, but found Harper's Ferry had surrendered. If it took nearly an entire day for Russel to deliver his message, it certainly evinces no tardiness in Franklin reaching the post of danger in half that time.

EACH ONE in making choice of his supreme object in life, should remember that his own happiness will very greatly depend upon the beneficial effects he creates upon society; indeed, the two always go together, and he who confers good will be sure to receive it. He should, with this grand principle in view, study carefully to discover what occupation is the most favorable to the development of his whole nature and powers; in what pursuit will he, with his own special capabilities, be most likely to produce good to society around him; and should he be successful in deciding this question, and diligently devote all his energies in that direction, he will fulfill the true end of his existence, and prove a blessing to mankind, while himself reaping untold advantages. It is a choice which rightly taken, must lead to the greatest operative power, and therefore real success, of which the nature of him who pursues it is at all capable. Wisely selected, and energetically carried out, it will make his whole after course a beautiful development of all the principles and experiences that have been nurtured in youth, the storms of life all coming at first like spring showers, and his soul shining out through all the acts of a noble life, brighter and brighter to the perfect day.

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

From Fortress Monroe.

THE REBELS REPORTED AT GLOUCESTER COURT HOUSE.

FORTRESS MONROE, NOV. 16.—A rumor has reached Yorktown that a force of 2,000 rebels is at Gloucester Court House, twelve miles above Gloucester Point. An expedition was sent out from Yorktown yesterday, to ascertain the strength of the rebel force. The expedition is commanded by Col. Davis, and consists of infantry, cavalry and artillery.

A brisk Northeast storm has prevailed here during the day.

Lieut. Cooper, of the 3d New York regiment, died here yesterday, of typhoid fever. His remains were sent this afternoon to Cooperstown, New York, of which place he was a resident.

A Suspicious Vessel.

A CHASE BY THE UNITED STATES GUNBOAT KEARSARGE.

BOSTON, NOV. 17.—The United States steamer Kearsarge, from Madeira, arrived at Gibraltar on the 25th ult. She reports—no date—chased a side-wheel steamer for sixteen hours, but she escaped during the chase. She was throwing overboard her cargo in boxes and bales.

Consul for Liberia.

WASHINGTON, NOV. 17.—Rev. John B. Pinney, for many years connected with the American Colonization Society, has been recognized as Consul-General of the Republic of Liberia for the United States.

A Church Burned in Newark.

NEWARK, N. J., NOV. 17.—The St. Barnabas Protestant Episcopal Church, located near Ressville Park, was destroyed by fire at one o'clock this morning. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

Wreck of the Schooner N. L. Wason.

BOSTON, NOV. 17.—Schooner N. L. Wason, from Baltimore for Poughkeepsie, was abandoned at sea.—no date. The crew have arrived at New London.

The War in Virginia.

NEW YORK, NOV. 17.—A despatch received in this city, says: The rebels evacuated Snicker's Gap on Friday afternoon, and now appear before Chester and Manassas Gap.

From Nashville.

FIVE MURDERS REPORTED—THE POSITION OF OUR FORCES.

LOUISVILLE, NOV. 16.—Despatches from Nashville, of yesterday's date, contain accounts of five murders; two of the homicides were of saloon keepers, who refused to sell liquor to soldiers; two soldiers were killed, cause unknown, and one negro was killed. The City Marshal was also assailed and badly beaten.

The Associated Press correspondent telegraphed yesterday that Gen. Sill's division moved this morning on the Murfreesboro road. Gen. Crittenden's division is at Silver Springs, 12 miles from Lebanon.

A part of Morgan's force is at Lebanon, and a portion came within two miles of Gen. Crittenden's camp.

The supplies from the country for the city are largely increased. The weather was wet, and likely to continue so.

The special despatches from Nashville for the past week have been almost wholly unreliable.

Burning of a Train on the Great Western Railroad.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 13.—The baggage car and express train coming West, and containing the mails, express money, and baggage, was entirely destroyed by fire at Longwood Station on the Great Western Railroad, last night.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, November 17, 1862.

I could be very wise, if I chose, about the great naval and military expedition, now fitting out at this port. I could tell the readers of the "Dollar" exactly how many men, and how many ships are to compose it; about when it is to take its departure, and its precise destination, but, in strict accordance with the rule governing that journal, ever since the rebellion begun, not to play into the hands of the enemy, by giving him the very information he is most anxious to know, I forbear. The forbearance, however, costs something of an effort, seeing how freely some of your Philadelphia co-emporaries are indulging in conjectures and speculations, of a character to let the cat out of the bag. To some of those cotemporaries the rebels owe, in common gratitude, a vote of thanks.

Regiments destined to take part in the expedition, continue to arrive here at the rate of three and four per diem. Five Connecticut regiments are expected immediately, the 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, and 28th. They will at once proceed to camp, at East New York, where they will remain until their services are required. The 156th New York came in last Wednesday, and is now at the Park Barracks.

The "mixed" court, for slave trade trials—provided for by the recent treaty with Great Britain, was organized this afternoon. Truman Smith, as before noticed, is Acting Judge on the part of the United States, and Cephas Brainard, Esq., Arbitrator. On the part of the British Government, Edward M. Archibald has been appointed Judge, and Wm. Dudley Ryder, Arbitrator. George P. Andrews, Assistant District Attorney, will act as Clerk. The decisions of this Court in all cases relating to the slave trade, will be final, and without appeal.

Frauds on the Government have been unearthed in the New York Custom House. Parties are implicated who have for years past been looked upon as men of spotless reputation. Street rumor is busy with their names, but until a thorough investigation be had, it is but fair to withhold them, if only for the sake of their innocent families, from publication. The discovery is creating the greatest excitement, not only in the Custom House, but in the entire mercantile community.

The fright among shippers over the recent depredations of the Alabama is wearing off a little, under the conviction that the pirate will soon be overhauled by our cruisers, and hence there is less difficulty experienced in procuring charters. Among the engagements during the week were the following: Five ships from the Chinchas Islands to Falmouth, for orders, at £9 15s. for guano; a bark, 415 tons, to Malaga, with heavy pipe staves, at $65, and home from same port, $1500, or, if from Sicily, $2500; a brig to New Orleans, $1500; a schooner to Fort Clinch, with bricks, $40; one to Baltimore, with coal, $2 50. The whole number of vessels in the wharves, to-day, was 652, of which 13 were ocean steamers, 189 ships, 190 barks, 136 brigs, 92 schooners, and 32 under seizure.

Ex-Provost Marshal Kennedy is certainly in a very uncomfortable position. The friends of Mrs. Brinsmade have engaged counsel, with a view of bringing him to account for the alleged false imprisonment of that lady. The offence with which he is charged, it seems, cannot legally be taken cognizance of by the Grand Jury, but the case can be reached by an investigation on the part of the Police Commissioners. Such an investigation, it is believed, will be ordered forth with, and, if rumor speaks truly, developments will be made of a character to make men stare.

One of these rumors is, that shortly after Kennedy was appointed Provost Marshal, he made out a list of about five hundred citizens, whose loyalty it pleased him to consider doubtful. Upon the conduct and conversation of of many of these "suspects," a close watch was kept by his detectives, day and night. Out of this surveillance grew a system of irritations and annoyances to which Americans had been utter strangers, and these at length became so intolerable that the President, on learning the facts, resolved to remove him and appoint Mr. Draper in his place. The latter on taking possession of the papers belonging to ex-Provost Marshal Kennedy's tribunal, looked for the list of names above alluded to, but it could nowhere be found. If an investigation be had before the Police Commissioners, it is thought that this interesting document can be brought to light. Such, at least, is the gossip at the Police head-quarters this afternoon, and I give it to you for what it is worth.

The trial of the colored woman, Amanda Thompson, for the murder of her husband in July last, by cutting his throat with a razor, was concluded on Friday and the case given to the jury.

A fire broke out last Friday, in the large cracker bakery, of Peter B. Anderson in Greenwich, near Morris streets, and before the flames could be extinguished the building was entirely destroyed. The total loss is about $25,000, insured as follows: $2,500 each in Merchants' Insurance Co., Brevoort, East River, New World, Fireman's Trust Co., Mechanic's; Montauk, and $5,000 in two unknown companies. It was with the greatest exertions the flames were confined to the Bakery and at one time a general conflagration was threatened.

Several important cases were disposed of in our Courts on Saturday. In the Common Pleas a verdict was rendered in the case of Henrietta Mailee in the sum of $4000 against Lord & Taylor, the well known dry goods dealers, under the following circumstances: Plaintiff, while in defendant's store, was accused of stealing a piece of goods, and taken into the back room and stripped; but no goods were found upon her. Being far advanced in pregnancy, the excitement and search had bad effect upon her health, and she has been confined to her bed for months

Albert Horn, convicted of being engaged in fitting out a vessel for the slave trade, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the State prison.

Amanda Thompson, the colored woman convicted of manslaughter, by causing the death of her husband, was also sentenced to the State Prison for one year.

ASHES—Are quiet and steady, with small sales at $8 37½ for Pots and $9 for Pearls.

BREADSTUFFS.—The market for State and Western Flour is dull, heavy and 5 to 10 cents lower. The sales are 16,000 bbls. at $5 65 a 5 75 for superfine State; $5 90 a 6 15 for extra State; $5 65 a 5 75 for superfine Michigan, Indiana, Iowa, Ohio, &c.; $5 95 a 7 30 for extra do., including shipping brands of round hoop Ohio at $6 70 a 6 85, and trade brands do. at $6 90 a 8 25. Southern Flour is without material change; sales 800 bbls. at $6 50 a 6 80 for superfine Baltimore, and $7 a 9 for extra do. Canadian flour is heavy and lower; sales 300 bbls. at $5 90 a 6 15 for common extra; $6 20 a 8 for good to choice do. Rye Flour is quiet and steady at $4 75 a 5 50. Corn meal is quiet and without material change in price. Wheat is dull and heavy, and prices have again declined. Sales 80,000 bushels at $1 17 a 1 23 for Chicago Spring; $1 22 a 1 30 for Milwaukee club; $1 31 a 1 34 for amber Iowa; $1 38 a 1 41 for winter red Western; $1 42 a 1 45 for amber Michigan. Rye is quiet at 80c. for Western and 90 for State. Barley is firm at $1 45 a 1 60. Corn is heavy, and one cent lower; sales 60,000 bushels at 69 a 71 for shipping mixed Western; 64 a 67 for Eastern, and 68 a 63 for damaged and heated. Oats are firm; sales at 67 a 70 for inferior to prime old and new.

PROVISIONS.—The Pork market is quiet; 200 bbls. at $12 87½ for mess, and $11 50 for prime. Beef is unchanged; sales 150 bbls. at previous prices. Prime mess beef is dull and nominal. Beef hams are quiet and unchanged. Cut meats are quiet, with small sales at 3¾ a 4¼ for shoulders, and 7¼ for hams. Bacon sides are quiet and nominally unchanged. Lard is lower; sales 800 bbls at 9¾ a 10¼. Butter and cheese are in good demand, and the market rules very strong.

WHISKY is without material change; sales 350 bbls. at 36¼ a 37.

AN ANECDOTE of Napoleon III is thus told by the Paris correspondent of the London Times: "Walking the other day on the beach at Biarritz, his Majesty happened to meet an intelligent looking boy, about eight or nine years old, who took off his hat as he passed. The Emperor courteously returned the salute and said—'Are you English?' 'No,' answered the boy, very quickly, and drawing himself up, 'I'm American.' 'Oh! American, are you? Well, tell me, which are you for, North or South?' 'Well, father's for the North. I believe, but I am certainly for the South. For which of them are you, sir?' The Emperor stroked his moustache, smiled, hesitated a little, and then said, 'I am for both.' 'For both, are you? Well, that's not so easy, and it will please nobody. His Majesty let the conversation drop, and walked on."

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

—The gradual absorption of the dutiable demand notes, now used almost exclusively in the payment of customs-revenue, is watched with much interest, not only by Secretary Chase, but by all who are interested in the credit of the Government as holders of bonds, the interest on which is payable in coin. It is certainly to the interest of the Treasury Department that these notes should be withdrawn as soon as possible, and replaced by legal-tender currency. Indeed, it would have been wise had they been bought up three months ago, when the Treasury could have commanded them at 6 a 7 per cent. premium. They are now 26 a 27 per cent. premium. Had the Secretary of the Treasury been given the authority by Congress, to exercise such discretion, they would no doubt have all been bought up by the Government, and instead of customs receipts now wholly in them, they would be wholly in coin, worth in the market a premium of 31 a 33 per cent. This difference, it will be seen, is equal to an addition of one-third to our entire cash customs; an amount, which, with other receipts, would have allayed all apprehension that may have been felt as to the prompt payment of the entire interest in coin. The best informed, however, now believe that before the period of the January interest comes round, these notes will be first absorbed as to insure the payment of a considerable amount of customs in specie, so that the Government will be required to buy comparatively little coin for the purpose. It is positively proclaimed that the Government interest will, at whatever cost, be paid in coin, so that holders and purchasers of all the Government loans may rest easy on that point.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday, as corrected by D. M. ROBINSON & Co., Stock Brokers, No. 138 South Third street Philadelphia:

	Par	Bid	Ask
LOANS.			
U States 6s '81	100	103¾	104
Treas N 7-30	100	104⅝	104½
Penna 6s	100	...	...
" 5s	100	95¾	96
" 5s cp	100	95¾	96
Philada 6s cp	100	103½	103¾
" R	100	103¾	103½
" G Ln	100	103¾	...
" N Ln	100	106¾	103½
" coup'n	100	...	...
" 5s	100	...	...
Pittsb'g m 6s	100	...	...
" 6s R	100	...	...
Alleg City 6s	100	80	...
" cp R	100	45	...
Camden 6s	100	45	...
Tenn 5s	100	45	...
Cincinna 6s	100	...	...
Missouri 6s	100	...	...
St Louis bds	100	...	...
BANKS.			
N Amer Bk	100	140	...
Philadelphia	100	114	...
Far & Mech	50	62	...
Commercial	50	45	...
N Liberties	50	...	...
Mechanics	50	25½	26
Southwark	50	...	...
Kensington	50	...	...
Penn Town	35	51	...
Girard	100	4¼	4¾
Western	50	65	66
Manu & Mec	25	24½	26
Commerce	50	...	...
Tradesmen's	50	...	...
City	50	45	47
Consolidat'n	50	32½	33
Commonw'th	30	...	...
Corn Exc'ge	30	32	33
Union	40	...	...
Camden	60	...	...
" Far & M	100	52½	...
Germant'n	50

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE AND CHILD.

My sister Blanche, her child and I, sat on the lawn that morning;
"Oh, would a wife's strong love," she cried,
"could shield a soldier's fate!"
Her voice a little trembled, as if touched by some forewarning;
Then rode a soldier up the lane, and halted at the gate.

"Which house is Malcolm Blake's? I bring a letter to his sister."
I took it. Blanche, half murmuring said,
"What! none for me, his wife!"
The stranger tangled Madge's curls, and bending over, kissed her.
"Your father was my captain, child!—I loved him as my life."

When suddenly he galloped off, without a word more spoken.
I read the letter. Blanche exclaimed, "What makes you tremble so?
—O God! how could I answer her? How should the news be broken!
For first they wrote to me, not her, that I should break the blow.

"Another battle fought!" I said; "our troops were brave, but lost it."
Her quick eye saw the letter was not writ in Malcolm's hand.
I glanced a moment at her face—a sudden shadow crossed it:
"Read quick, dear Mary—read all, I pray—and let me understand."

I did not read, but told the tale—and tempered so the phrases
That scarce at first she guessed the worst. I kept the fatal word
Till I had told her of his march, his charge, his comrades' praises:
And then—the end! While she a statue!—never spoke nor stirred!

Oh, never yet a woman's heart was broken so completely!
So unbaptized of helpful tears!—so passionless and dumb!
She stood there in her agony, till little Madge asked sweetly:
"Dear mother, when the battle ends, then will my father come?"

I touched my finger to her lip, and led her to her playing.
Poor Blanche! the winter on her cheek grew snowy as her name!
What could she do but kneel and pray—and linger at her praying?
—Oh Christ! when other heroes die, moan their wives the same?

Must other women's hearts yet break, to keep the Cause from failing?
God pity our brave lovers when they face the battle's blast!
And pity wives made widows! Shall it all be unavailing!
O Lord! give Victory first, then Peace!—and to Thy name the praise!

THE FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

WINTER EVENINGS.

How Can they be Most Profitably and Agreeably Spent?

As summer is the season for husbandry, so winter is the season with the farmer for mental culture; it is in fact the only time a farmer has for literary amusements or instructions. As a class, farmers are perhaps the most untutored in the community, which is more their misfortune than their fault. While the professional man, the merchant and the mechanic are carefully educated for their business, the young man who ultimately becomes a farmer, in hundreds of instances can neither read nor write, the most lamentable indifference is manifested by parents and guardians to avail themselves of the existing institutions of learning, so numerous and so well sustained.

Is it any wonder, then, that so little taste is manifested by them with regard to literary amusement and instructions; unable to acquire theoretically any information of their business, they are content to go on in antiquated systems a quarter of a century behind the age, satisfied if they do as their fathers did before them, and seeking no progression. If this be true in many instances regarding their farming operations, and unfortunately it is so, how much more true is it in regard to mental occupation?—incapable of amusement from periodicals or books, their winter evenings are squandered away in listless indifference, or under the stupefying influence of the tobacco pipe, or worse still, at the taverns, where among vicious associates the obscene jest, the coarse buffoonery and other demoralizing influences blunt their moral perceptions, and lay the foundation of degraded manhood and premature old age. Now we believe there is no way in which we can employ our evenings so agreeably or profitably, as by reading; and here we would adopt an old maxim—"a judicious friend should choose the books you read." By reading, we do not mean that a man's taste for such should be as voracious as an ostrich's stomach, devouring all that comes in its way; the heaps of novels that are annually "spawned" and published, have a most pernicious influence, and cannot be too carefully avoided; but what we do mean, is to read a well written non-poitical, non-sectarian newspaper, and an agricultural paper or two. Here permit me by digressing to say, that the method adopted by you of getting farmers to write for the "Dollar Newspaper," thus giving the results of practical experiments, is far superior to the impracticable theories of agricultural professors, no matter as scholars what their abilities may be. Judicious reading is one of the only amusements that leaves no sting behind. Aurelius the Emperor, used to say, he had more pleasure from what he had read and written, than from all the victories he had gained, or all the realms he had conquered; and he said truly, for it left a cultivated mind behind instead of weeping widows, desolate orphans, and a wasted country, the general results of conquest. But the pleasure to a cultivated taste arising from reading, is as as open to the peasant as the prince; nay more so. No vexatious cares of state to annoy; no voluptuousness to degrade; no schemes of conquest or aggrandizement to rack his brain; no wild speculation or visionary projects to disturb him. Where is the man who has the leisure or the opportunity a farmer has in winter of amusements or instructions from books? When his day's work is over, seated in his house surrounded by the members of the family, how agreeably can the evening be employed in reading a good or an interesting book. By reading the histories of other countries, and comparing the moral and social condition of its inhabitants with his own, he is capable of more fully appreciating the privileges he enjoys. By improving his leisure, he may become useful and respected; he will learn his duties as a subject, a citizen, a neighbor, or a parent, more truly, and thus be capable of discharging them more efficiently. By reading we can make ourselves acquainted with the choicest thoughts of the most eminent men; we can, as with the fabled wand of an enchantress, conjure up the spirits of departed worth; we can make the patriot plead with all soul-stirring eloquence before us; the lawyer with his accustomed and peculiar sophistry; the philosopher with his profound research, and the pulpit with its sublime and sacred truths; we can see Paul in all the zeal of his high and holy callings, pleading before Agrippa, or follow him through his many and various wanderings, and listen to the glorious truths he enunciated, and the heavenly eloquence that fell from his lips—or are we in a lighter mood," we can take the works of the most eminent poets—the sweet and sentimental lyrics of Moore; the plain rusticity of Burns, or the lofty conceptions of Byron. While among the numerous poetical works extant, the most fastidious taste can revel to satiety. When we thus make these highly gifted men our companions, will any one say we can make better use of our time than by conversing with them. For when we have their works, any time we read them we are in fact conversing with them; yet how many are there who care but little for the rich intellectual banquets thus prepared for them, and diffused, we were going to say, with a prodigal hand. Were the youth of our country to consider their position—to consider that the progress of nineteen centuries is in a few years to be handed over to them, that every office of honor or emolument is open to their completion; that from among their ranks must inevitably be selected the very men who will adorn the pages of future history, or become profound divines, stand high in the legal profession, prosperous as merchants, or eminent in arts and sciences, or rise to the highest honors of the state—but the idea is unlimited—were they to consider this, surely they would think preparation necessary, and youth and leisure improved, would be far, very far, from thrown away.

Let not the farmer then spend his evenings in sloth and carelessness, but improve his mind by reading, and he will find the most profitable and agreeable method of spending his winter evenings. J. M.

Adams county, Pa., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

COUNTRY DOOR-YARDS.

Among the living and permanent sources of pleasure to the farmer, is a handsome door-yard. One or two acres of green lawn properly laid out in walks and drives, interspersed with trees, clumps of shrubbery, flower-beds, evergreens, &c., all arranged in a neat and tasty manner, will, if properly appreciated, afford more enjoyment to its owner than all the gains otherwise derived from a large farm. Then the amount of gratification it gives to the family, ought to be inducement enough to cause every husband and father, who cares for the happiness of his wife and children, to make such an agreeable improvement. It is not, however, everything that is comfortable and agreeable that farmers can afford to have, and we fear that the luxury spoken of is generally considered beyond their reach; it may be in many instances, but an approximation can be made by every one, tha will appear very respectable. Perhaps I can be understood as well by telling how I have managed. I settled on an entirely new farm, in true primitive style, in a log house. And now came the question, to make home a pleasant spot. With plenty of money at hand, the location could have very soon been converted into all that we could have asked; but we must subsist without that means of independence, and after two years of trial have found that an air of cheerfulness can be made to pervade even an humble dwelling. The door-yard and garden comprise two acres fenced into a square field. The house stands fifteen rods from the road, as near in the centre of the enclosure as could be made by pacing. There is one oak on the ground that has probably witnessed whatever has transpired at this country seat for at least a century and a half. And half of the yard has already been decorated, by nature, with beautiful oaks, hickories and poplars, of from twenty to thirty years' growth; the balance is left for the artist. My time and labor have been constantly required on other parts of the farm. I have only taken enough of each to keep the yard neat and tidy. And now, as leisure occurs, I can, as I think, bestow labor profitably in developing it. Each hour spent therein is a source of lasting pleasure, as I try to do everything in such a manner that it will not soon need doing over again.

I hope there will be no complaints that I have not treated this subject practically. And it is my sincere wish that it may have the effect of enlarging many of the little seven by nine door-yards I have found so plenty wherever it has been my lot to travel. If once a sufficient space is cleared out, the improvements are sure to follow. E. W.

Ida, Mich., 1862.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

WINTER TREATMENT.

The favorite method with the careless farmer is to feed them at the stack with the young cattle and colts, or let them take their chance in the open yard with the cows and oxen. Here they are hooked about, scared from their food, and not unfrequently maimed or killed. It is thought that sheep can live on the refuse of the yard. But the man who means to make sheep profitable, must have a place for them and attend to their feeding. The winter is the most critical time with them, and many a flock is more than decimated by neglect. The crows have rich pickings of mutton, and the boys hard pickings of pulled wool along in the warm days of opening spring.

After the snow begins to fly, and the winter has fairly set in, we are decidedly in favor of keeping sheep in the yards provided for them. It is true there will be open spells, when they might pick something from the pastures, but the feeding at this season is bad for the roots of the grasses, and not favorable to the thrift of the flock.

The selection of a location for the sheep yards and sheds is a matter of very great importance. Whether you feed them for stock or for the butcher, you must have a dry location—if not naturally so, made such by drainage. If the ground is wet, your flock will soon be in trouble. Much of the prejudice against confining sheep to narrow quarters arises from the neglect of this precaution. The sheep have the foot ail, and contract diseases in wet yards and sheds, and the evil is charged to close confinement. The fact is, the sheep is naturally gregarious, and if favored with a dry bed and plenty of fresh air, will thrive in small enclosures quite as well as other domestic animals.

One of our most successful farmers, who sometimes feeds five hundred at a time for the market, confines them to sheds, either with a small yard in front, or no yard at all. Sometimes seventy-five are shut up in a shed twenty-one by thirty-six feet, with a yard about eight feet wide on the southern front. But in this case the shed is well furnished with absorbents for the manure, and is kept littered with straw, and at the back side a board a foot wide swings upon hinges, so as to keep up a thorough ventilation. With this care the flock thrives and lays on flesh as kindly as if in larger quarters; without it, they would do poorly with any amount of room. Sheep must be kept clean and free of foul air. They love the dry atmosphere and the free breezes of the hill-tops.

If yards are allowed, some provision should be made for confining them to the sheds in stormy weather. It takes a great deal of food to dry a thoroughly soaked fleece in winter, to say nothing of its bearing upon the health of the animal. It is much better that this food should go to form muscle and fat. The sheds, in all cases where it is practicable, should open towards the south, so that the winter sun may come in upon them as much as possible. The sun has a wonderful influence upon the animal economy. In small sheds and yards, a less amount of straw is needed for litter, and the manure is more easily managed—an important consideration.

The sheds must be furnished with racks and troughs, so that they can be fed with hay, grain or roots, at the option of the owner. There should be room enough for all the sheep to feed at once.

A rack or feeding box of convenient size for use and for moving, may be made as follows:—For the posts, take pieces of any good hard wood, two by two and a half inches, six in number; one for each corner, and for the middle of the sides. For siding and ends, take boards twelve feet in length, twelve inches wide for the bottom, and eight inches for the top. This will give you an opening of ten inches for the heads of the sheep, if the posts are thirty inches in length. But they can readily be made a little longer or shorter, according to the size of the sheep you wish to keep. For the bottom, take three narrow strips of board, one at each end, and one in the middle. Upon these fasten a board twelve inches wide, running lengthwise through the middle. This is for the bottom of the trough. Upon each side of this put in a board upon a bevel, extending to the sides of the box. This will make the bottom dishing at the sides and tight for holding grain, meal, roots, or anything else you wish to give them. This box may be made with wooden pins or nails, but the best fastening is stout screws, about two and a half inches in length. In the moving about the boxes are subjected to a considerable strain, and screws will be found the cheapest in the end. Such a box as this will accommodate about twenty large sheep. It is easily turned over and cleaned without sweeping, and readily put away for the summer. This kind of feeding apparatus has been in use, in this country, for at least forty years, and is, on the whole, the handiest contrivance we have ever met with. It will pay any man who keeps sheep, to have enough of these made to accommodate his whole flock. In the common slovenly way of feeding upon the ground, more fodder will be wasted than would pay for the boxes. The sheep is a cleanly animal, and its tastes should be consulted.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

WINTER EMPLOYMENT OF FARMERS.

The sullen winds of winter will soon begin to howl around the farm-house, and then the careful farmer who has made ample preparations in the fall for cattle and poultry, woodpile and coal-house, will have some leisure to be employed in laying in a stock of knowledge, meditating on the experience of the past year, correcting errors, improving the good, and be ready to begin in the spring the toils of husbandry with better chances of success. There seems to be an antipathy among farmers in some localities against book-farming and learned farmers, thinking that it is only necessary to plow, and sow, and reap, without any regard to the manner of sowing, provided it is in the right time of the *moon, the signs, &c.* But there are other signs of good farming, apart from moon and *stars*. And well filled heads of grain are apt to accompany the farmer's well filled head. Farming should be one of the exact sciences, instead of the may or may not be crop lottery, that it now is through ignorant negligence of a majority of the tillers of the soil. The long winter evenings ought to be employed in gaining useful knowledge. Agricultural chemistry should be a part of the study of every man who would thrive by the plow. It is necessary to know the why of vegetable production. If a field fails to produce a certain kind of grain, the farmer should know what is lacking, and apply the remedy. Chemistry will furnish the desired information; and he who fails to consult it must not be surprised if his crops fail and his farm becomes a barren waste, instead of a fruitful garden. Let farmers employ their evenings in the study of Nature, and they will find their time was well spent. Their sons and daughters will be none the less fitted for the active duties of life by knowing the component parts of productive soil—the reasons for every step taken in manuring, plowing, and sowing lands. "Knowledge is power;" then how great must that power be in the hands of a class of men who must sustain, by their industry and success, all animal life. You who drive the plow, hold the destinies of nations in your sturdy grasp. Then be not content with your ability to turn a furrow. Great men have been taken from the plow to guide, lead and counsel in the affairs of States, and have proved themselves worthy of the trust. There is nothing degrading in the occupation of a farmer, and he has nothing to be ashamed of but ignorance. If any class of men can boast of independence, it is surely the farmer. CARL.

Ryerson's Station, Pa., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE FARMER AND THE SCIENCES.

While I heartily confirm the statement given by an "Newspaper" of September 15, as well as that given on the subject of studying philosphy, geology, chemistry, etc., I will add the views of a young farmer.

In whatever we engage, the question, How and where shall we begin? should first be closely scrutinized. The science of Nature is embraced in three divisions, viz: Natural History, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry. Natural History includes zoology, botany and geology, whose province it is to describe and classify all matured things, both animate and inanimate—animal, vegetable and mineral. Natural philosophy treats of the properties of the objects thus classified, and of the laws which govern them. Last of all comes Chemistry, which analyzes and synthetizes. It reveals to us the constituent parts of different bodies. It tells us how they can be taken apart and again put together, so as to acquire new properties. It tells us how the same matter may be changed from one state (solid, liquid or gaseous) to the other, and thus enable the farmer to prevent his manure from escaping into the air, or from remaining fixed and useless in the soil.

We here see that these branches are so complicated that the attempt to gain a knowledge of one of them, without referring to any of the others, would result in a great loss of time and labor. Philosophy, and also botany and geology might, indeed, be studied to a considerable extent without the other branches. Procure yourself a work on each of these sciences, then commence with either zoology, philosophy or botany, and study faithfully until you are tired of it; then take up another of these three and do the same, for frequent change of studies relieves the mind. After you have a limited knowledge of these three branches, you can proceed with any of the others, and when you are fast you can always find your way out. In this manner, with Webster's or Worcester's large Dictionary within grasp, you will find a delightful road up the hill of science. C. G. S.

Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BREAKING PRAIRIE.

As many persons in the East contemplate coming West, I suppose a few instructions in the first operations of farming on the prairies would be serviceable. When a man purchases an unimproved farm on the prairies, he has a broad expanse of level or gently undulating land, covered with a species of grass peculiar to itself. The first operation is to have it broken up, to lay until the fall or the spring following, before cropping it. The best time to break is from the second week in May until the 15th or 20th of July. If broke before May it will not rot perfectly, as the grass roots have got started sufficiently, or after July, as the grass and roots have become dry, hard and wiry. I have seen land which has been broken before and after the time above mentioned, which took three and four years to get into good bearing condition. The breaking plow is a large one from seven to ten feet long, the head of the beam is placed upon an axle two feet long, with two small wheels, the one which runs in the furrow is larger than the one on the land, to cause the plow to run level. An iron rod is attached to the head of the beam running upwards to the end of a stout wooden lever, which rests on a strong wooden upright, by means of which the lever raises and lowers the plow to run deep or shallow, or to raise it clear of the ground in turning on the head lands, or to travel from one place to another. Instead of a mouldboard there are iron rods, fastened in such a manner that they can be set out or drawn in and fastened with a thumbscrew. The share is made of steel, from twenty-five to thirty-five inches long, according to the strength of the team used. The share must be kept sharp by filing, as the sod is made of roots hard and dry as wire. The team necessary for one of these large plows consists of from four to six yoke of strong oxen. With one man to drive the team and tend the plow, they will break from two and a half to four acres per day, according to the state of the land and weather. The price charged is from $2½ to $3 per acre. The cost of fitting out a team is about $400. There are smaller plows that will cut from sixteen to eighteen inches furrow. Used with two or three horses they do the work very well, but not fast enough, as the time for breaking is limited. Some farmers plant corn on the new breaking, but the crop they secure does not compensate for the diminution of the crop of wheat they procure the following season from the same land. Others plow the sod the fall following the breaking, and sow wheat in the spring; others harrow in the wheat on the sod without plowing, and, if the season is wet, they procure a better crop than those who sow on the plowing. *J. P.*

Peoria County, Ill., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

VALUABLE COUGH REMEDIES.

From the Portfolio of a Massachusetts Physician.

The season of the year is at hand when colds and coughs are almost universally rife. Colds should be avoided if possible, for they often pave the way to incurable diseases of the pulmonary organs. All parts of the body should be well protected by sufficient clothing. Flannels worn next to the skin are a great protection against colds and coughs. The feet also should be kept warm and dry. Avoid going from warm, close rooms into extreme cold air, without the best of protection by proper clothing. In case a common cold occurs, take measures to get rid of it as soon as possible. Avoid hearty food, keep within doors, and drink warm diaphoretic drinks, so as to keep the skin moist. If the cough is tight and the expectoration scanty, use the following:

R. Pulverized Liquorice,	½ ounce.
Gum Arabic,	½ ounce.
Nitre,	½ ounce.
Tartrate of Antimony,	2 grains.
Sulphate of Morphine,	1 grain.

Put into a bowl, and pour on one point of boiling water. Take a dessert spoonful (for an adult) every four hours.

If the cough is protracted, becomes loose and troublesome, and the expectoration is copious, take the following:

R. Coxe's Hive Syrup,	1 ounce.
Sweet Spirits of Nitre,	1 ounce.
Elixir Paregoric,	2 ounces.
Tinct. Gum Tolu,	60 drops.
	Mix.

Take a teaspoonful every six hours, (for an adult). Children under ten, 25 drops. Under five, from 3 to 10 drops.

Many persons are afflicted with asthma or phthisic. It is almost always attended with a severe dry cough at first, and the breathing will not be relieved until the expectoration becomes free. The following is a very sure remedy:

R. Digitalis,	1 dram.
Nitre,	2 drams.
Tartrate of Antimony,	3 grains.
Sulphate of Morphine,	1 grain.
Gum Arabic,	1 ounce.
Spice,	1 pint.

Infuse for one hour—when cool an adult may take a dessert spoonful every four hours until relieved.

Coughs often follow scarlet fever and measles. One of the best remedies for such coughs is the following

R. Sal Ammoniac,	1 dram.
Extract Liquorice,	½ ounce.
Gum Arabic,	½ ounce.
Tartrate of Antimony,	2 grains.
Sulphate of Morphine,	1 grain.
Boiling water,	1 pint.

Dose for an adult, a dessert spoonful every six hours. A child from half to a small tea-spoonful.

Persons laboring under pulmonary consumption will find much relief in the following remedy. For a consumptive cough—

Extract of Conium,	2 drams.
Warm water,	6 ounces.
Sweet Spirits Nitre,	2 ounces.
Sulphate of Morphine,	5 grains.

Rub up the conium with the warm water until dissolved, then add the other articles.

Dose—A teaspoonful every four or six hours.

Consumptives are often harassed with cough at night. The following is a very potent remedy:

Balsam or Gum Tolu,	1 dram.
Sulphate of Morphine,	10 grains.

Make into a mass and divide into forty pills. Dose, one or two at bed-time.

Elderly people often have coughs which are denominated the "cough of old age." They are characterized by very profuse expectoration. The following is a very sure remedy:

Tinct. of Balsam Tolu,	1 ounce.
Tinct of Opium, (in Alcohol),	1 ounce.
Tinct Gum Benjamin,	1 ounce.

Dose—From 10 to 20 drops in syrup of sugar.

Small children who have had whooping cough, often have it prolonged beyond the natural period of its cessation. After the fourth week the following recipe will prove a certain remedy:

Dilute Nitric Acid,	1 dram.
Water,	2 ounces.
	Mix.

Give 10 drops of this in two table-spoonsful of sweetened water, three times a day.

For a Nervous Cough.—Delicate females are often troubled with a constant spasmodic "jerky cough." It is often found in hysterical persons.

Chloric Ether,	1 ounce.
Sweet Spirits Lavender,	1 ounce.
Tinct. of Musk,	1 dram.
Sulphate of Morphine,	10 grains.
	Mix.

Dose, 10 to 20 drops in a little sweetened water.

GALEN.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES.

LEMON TREE.—*Westmoreland Co., Pa.*—Will any of the readers of the "Dollar Newspaper," who have had experience in the culture of the Lemon Tree please give information as to the time of year for pruning—and what is the reason that plants growing from the seed of the same lemon, will have thorns on some and others none? Also, will the tree bear fruit without grafting? Any other information respecting the cultivation of the plants will be thankfully received. B. Z. Q.

BOTTLING CIDER.—Will some of the readers of the "Dollar Newspaper" inform me of the best method of bottling new cider, so as to check the fermentation and preserve its fine flavor? Also the quantity and manner of using "*sulphate of lime*," in order to check fermentation in barrelled cider? M.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.—What is the best time for the fall transplanting of trees? M.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RECIPES.

LEMON PIES.—Pare two lemons, take out the seeds, chop the rind and pulps, add one egg, a small piece of butter, a small teacup of flour, three cups of sugar, two cups of water. Bake in a paste. This quantity will make two pies.

PASTE FOR PIES.—Five cups of flour, one cup of butter, one cup of lard, one cup of water, and some salt.

STONEWALL JACKSON A POET.

[From the Richmond Examiner, Nov. 8.]

Doubtless it will surprise many to learn that the inobtrusive and hardy warrior, Stonewall Jackson, is a poet of no little ability, and that among the busy scenes and arduous duties of camp he has found leisure to gratify his taste for the beautiful in literature. The following lines were written while Jackson was an artillery officer in Mexico, during the war between the United States and that country.

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

The tattoo beats—the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies,
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh, dearest one,
Whose love my early life hath blest—
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
God of the tender, frail and lone,
Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest,

And hover gently, hover near
To her, whose watchful eye is wet—
To mother, wife—the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear,
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before Thy throne,
Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That, while by Thy behest alone,
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That thou canst stay the ruthless hands
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by Thy stern commands
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain—
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly prest,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening current of her breast.
No frowning look nor angry tone,
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate those forms may show,
Loved with a passion almost wild—
By day—by night—in joy or wo—
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
Oh, God! protect my wife and child!

THE REBELLION.

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

The Prince De Joinville on the Secret History of the Campaign against Richmond.

The Prince de Joinville is publishing the campaign on the Peninsula, in which the Orleans Princes acted as aids to Gen. McClellan, and are therefore presumed to know some things connected with the campaign which have not yet been given to the public, through General McClellan's studied silence in respect to the events of that campaign. The article of De Joinville's is very long, but the following extracts from it are interesting at this time:

MCCLELLAN AND THE RETREAT FROM MANASSAS.

"While we were riding forward grave events were occurring in the highest regions of the army. There exists in the American army, as in the English, a Commander-in-chief, who exercises over the head of all the generals a superior authority, regulates the distribution of the troops and directs military operations. These functions, which have been greatly curtailed in the British army since the Crimean war, were still exercised in all their vigor in America. From the aged General Scott, who had been honorably discharged them, they had passed to General McClellan. We learned, on reaching Fairfax, that they had been taken away from him. It is easy to understand the diminution of force and the restrictions upon his usefulness thus inflicted upon the General-in-chief by a blow struck in the rear at the very out set of his campaign.

"Yet this was but a part of the mischief done him. McClellan had long known, better than anybody else, the real strength of the rebels at Manassas and Centreville. He was perfectly familiar with the existence of the 'wooden cannon' by which it has been pretended that he was kept in awe for six months. But he also knew that till the month of April the roads of Virginia are in such a state that wagons and artillery can only be moved over them by constructing plank roads, a tedious operation, during which the enemy, holding the railways, could either retreat, as he was actually doing, or move for a blow upon some other point. In any event, had McClellan attacked and carried Centreville, pursuit was impossible and victory would have been barren of results. A single bridge burned would have saved Johnston's whole army. Such are the vast advantages of a railway for a retreating army—advantages which do not exist for the army which pursues it.

"We have the right, we think, to say that McClellan never intended to advance upon Centreville. His long determined purpose was to make Washington safe by means of a strong garrison, and then to use the navigable waters and immense naval resources of the North to transport the army by sea to a point near Richmond. For weeks, perhaps for months, this plan had been secretly maturing. Secrecy as well as promptness, it will be understood, was indispensable here to success. To keep the secret, it had been necessary to confide it to few persons, and hence had arisen the long ill feeling toward the uncommunicative general.

"Be this as it may, as the day of action drew near, those who suspected the General's project, and were angry at not being informed of it; those whom his promotion had excited to envy; his political enemies, (who is without them in America?)—in short all those beneath or beside him who wished him ill, broke out into a chorus of accusations of slowness, inaction, incapacity. McClellan, with a patriotic courage which I have always admired, disdained these accusations, and made no reply. He satisfied himself with pursuing his preparations in laborious silence. But the moment came in which, notwithstanding the loyal support given him by the President, that functionary could no longer resist the tempest. A council of war of all the division Generals was held; a plan of campaign, not that of McClellan, was proposed and discussed. McClellan was then forced to explain his projects, and the next day they were known to the enemy. Informed, no doubt, by one of those female spies who keep up his communications in the under-strata circles of the Union enemy, Johnston evacuated Manassas at once. This was a skillful manœuvre. Incapable of assuming the offensive, threatened with attack either at Centreville, where defeat would be useless if successful, or at Richmond, the loss of which would be a grave check, and unable to cover both positions at once, Johnston threw his whole force before the latter of the two.

"For the Army of the Potomac this was a misfortune. Its movement was unmasked before it had been made. Part of its transports were still frozen up in the Hudson. Seeing the state of affairs, was it proper to execute as rapidly as possible the movement upon Richmond by water, or to march upon Richmond by land? Such was the grave question to be settled by the young general in a miserable room of an abandoned house at Fairfax in the twenty-four hours. And it was at this moment that the news of his removal as general-in-chief reached him; the news, that is, that he could no longer count upon the co-operation of the other armies of the Union, and that the troops under his own orders are divided into four grand *corps* under four separate chiefs named in order of rank, a change which would throw into subaltern positions some young generals of division who had his personal confidence. It is easy to see that here was matter enough to cast a cloud upon the firmest mind. But the general's resolution was promptly taken.

"To follow the confederates by land to Richmond at this season of the year was a material impossibility. An incident had just proved this to be so. General Stoneman, with a flying column, had been sent in pursuit of the enemy. This column came up with the enemy on the Rappahannock, along the railway to Gordonsville, and had two engagements with him of no great importance. Then came the rain. The fords were swollen, the bridges carried away, the water-courses could no longer be passed by swimming—they were torrents. Stoneman's column began to suffer for want of provisions, and its situation was perilous. In order to communicate with the army, Stoneman had to send two of McClellan's aides-de-camp, who had accompanied him, across a river on a raft of logs tied together with ropes.

"Such was the country before the army. Furthermore, the enemy was burning and breaking up all the bridges. Now with the wants of the American soldier and the usual extravagance of his rations, and with the necessity of transporting everything through a country where nothing is to be found, and where the least storm makes the roads impassable, no army can live unless it supports its march upon a navigable water-course or a railway. In Europe our military administration assumes that the transportation service of an army of one hundred thousand men can only provision that army for a three days' march from its base of operations. In America this limit must be reduced to a single day. I need only add that upon the roads to Richmond there were viaducts which would have required six weeks to reconstruct.

"The land march was therefore abandoned, and we came back to the movement by water. But this operation also was no longer what it had been when McClellan had conceived it. The revelation of his plans to the enemy had allowed the latter to take his precautions. The evacuation of Manassas had preceded instead of following the opening of the Union campaign. The movement by water could no longer be a surprise. Unfortunately it was also to lose the advantages of a rapid execution.

"A few days had been half lost in a useless pursuit of the enemy, while the transports were assembling at Alexandria. At last they were assembled and the order came to embark. But here a new misunderstanding awaited the General. He had been promised transports which could convey 50,000 men at a time. He found vessels but equal to the conveyance of half that number. Instead of moving at once, as McClellan had intended, a whole army with its equipage, a number of trips had to be made. The embarkation began March 17. The force consisted of

11 divisions of infantry, 8,000 to 10,000 strong.
1 division of regulars (infantry and cavalry) 6,000 strong
350 pieces of artillery.

The total effective force may have been 120,000 men. At the moment of departure a whole division was detached to form, we know not why, an independent command, under General Fremont, in the mountains of Virginia. We shall see the Potomac army successively undergo other not inexplicable diminutions. But we anticipate.

"A fortnight was required to move the army to Fortress Monroe. This point was chosen because the appartition of the Merrimac, and her tremendous exhibition of her strength, had made it impossible to regard the United States navy as absolutely mistress of the waters of Virginia."

The Prince here proceeds to a graphic account of the battles between the Merrimac and our navy, which we necessarily omit at this time. He well paints the extent of the disaster which the Merrimac might have worked had she swept down among the transports—those "floating hives of men"—ere the disembarkation had been completed, and he ascribes her inaction to the fact that by lying at Norfolk she paralyzed the naval forces intended to operate in the attack on Yorktown, and at the same time deprived McClellan of the advantages of holding the James in his operations against Richmond.

The Prince then discusses the events of the campaign, the resistance at Yorktown to gain time to entrench Richmond, and the battle of Williamsburg. He then continues his criticism:

"At all events, the campaign so far, if not brilliant, had produced important results. Yorktown and Norfolk had been abandoned and the Merrimac destroyed. * * McClellan had driven the enemy home upon his capital, and brought him to the issue of a decisive battle.

"I know that such a battle ought to have been won and was not won. But here the responsibility is far from belonging to the chief or to his army. Who were the men who, driving them into an untimely campaign, had so revealed to the enemy operations not yet ripe for execution? Was McClellan responsible for that want of unity in the ends and in the action of the Government which had trammelled the movements of the army since he had been deprived of the chief command and supreme direction of the armies? Was McClellan responsible for the systematic diminution of his forces, which, in the face of the agglomeration of the forces of the enemy, had successively deprived him, since the campaign had opened, of the division of Blenker, and of two-thirds of McDowell's corps, without sending him one solitary man to fill up the gaps made by sickness and by the cannon! In spite of all these obstacles, he had reached the walls of Richmond, but he had no longer the means of striking the great blow which probably would have ended the war. In a hostile country, what appears a simple reconnoissance may often prove a serious and general attack. There a large force is needed to guard against surprises, and a still larger force to secure lines of communication which cannot be broken without danger. * * * Reinforcements were needed. Whence should they come? Gen. Wool, from Norfolk; Burnside, from North Carolina, might send some men, but very few, while around Washington more than eighty thousand were collected. Of these about one-half were making head against the partisan Jackson in the Valley of the Shenandoah. The rest were collected under McDowell at Fredericksburg, sixty miles to the north of Richmond. They had rebuilt the railway bridge over the Rappahannock, and three or four days they might have joined the army of McClellan. They covered nothing at Fredericksburg, and were so notoriously useless to the Union cause that in the rebel journals they were spoken of as the fifth wheel of the coach.' It was known that McDowell desired ardently to give the lie to these railleries by flying at a decisive moment his assistance to the cause of the Union. Accordingly McClellan had no sooner arrived before Richmond than he undertook to discover what he had to hope for on this side. No official advice, either from Washington or from Fredericksburg, informed him of McDowell's presence at that point, only sixty miles distant, but rumor and probability agreed so well in placing him there, that the general-in-chief resolved to make an attempt to establish communications with him. On the night of the 26th he sent forward Gen. Porter's division with a few squadrons of cavalry. After a tedious storm, to Hanover Court House, a village about twenty miles north of Richmond, where the railway to Fredericksburg crosses the Pamunkey. The troops of Porter moved rapidly, and about midday on the 27th came upon the hostile division of Branch, at Hanover Court House. This they assailed with vigor, dispersed it, and took one of its guns. Assailed in their turn by rebel troops who had suffered them to pass by the wood in which they lay hidden, the Unionists turned on their new enemies, and scattered them also. On this occasion the cost the Unionists 400 men, and left Gen. Porter in possession of a cannon, of 500 prisoners, and of two bridges, one on the Fredericksburg and one on the Virginia Central road. The advanced guard of McDowell was then at Bowling Green, fifteen miles from that of Porter. It needed only an effort of the will, the two armies were united, and the possession of Richmond certain! Alas! this effort was not made. I cannot recall those fatal moments without a real sinking of the heart. Seated in an orchard in the bivouac of Porter, amid the joyous excitement which follows a successful combat, I saw the Fifth Cavalry bring in whole companies of rebel prisoners, with arms and baggage, their officers at their head. But neither the glad confidence of the Unionists, nor the discouragement of their enemies deceived me, and I asked myself how many of the gallant young men who surrounded me, relating their exploits of the day before, would pay with their lives for the fatal error which was on the point of being committed. Not only did not the two armies unite, but the order came from Washington to burn the bridges which had been seized. This was the clearest way of saying to the army of the Potomac and to its chief, that in no case could they count on the support of the armies of Upper Virginia. * * * The reason of this unfortunate measure was the successful dash of Jackson. He had driven Banks beyond the Potomac and created such a confusion that he was supposed to be on the point of entering Washington. With over 40,000 men to defend the city, the line of the Potomac, so easy to hold, and the vast intrenched camp around the capital, it was not thought to be safe. * * * * Jackson had gained his point. Henceforth the Army of the Potomac must count upon itself alone."

Then follows an account of Fair Oaks, the seven days' battles, all of which he criticises with ability and understanding, and concludes as follows:

"Jackson, leaving the eighty thousand defenders of Washington breathless from their idle chase after him had completed the concentration of the whole Southern army. His advance was already at Hanover Court House, and his corps estimated at 30,000 men. * * * All the chances of success were now with the enemy. * * * The Army of the Potomac was to meet two armies, each equal to itself in numbers. Battles have sometimes been won in such circumstances, but it is not right to count upon such favors from fortune. The best thing to be done was to retreat. But this was, unfortunately, no simple operation. It involved a choice of dangers. To concentrate on the left bank of the Chickahominy was to abandon the enterprise against Richmond, and to risk a disastrous retreat upon White House and Yorktown. * * * To march on the right bank was to risk the enemy's cutting our communications with White House, and seizing the railway which brought our supplies. We should then be forced to open new communications with the James river, and to move in that direction *en masse*, and with no decay. This would be a retreat, but for a few miles only, and if we were but moderately reinforced, with the support of the navy we could recommence the offensive either against Richmond itself, on the right bank of the river, or against Petersburg on the left, the fall of that place involving the fall of Richmond. McClellan chose the latter course."

The Prince now sketches with graphic simplicity the unequalled retreat which was carfighting, terminating in the successful battle of Malvern Hill, and in the safety of the Union army. Throughout this "grand and daring movement," he observes, "nothing disturbed the serenity of the commander. On the terrible 30th of July, when his aids sank under the heat and excitement of the task they were accomplishing, "I saw him," writes the prince, "stop to rest for a moment, and sit down in the verand